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Catholic Hymnal

John B. Hacker, S.J.



Hymnology
Worship Collection
Roman Catholic

H11 1920



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Catholic Hymnal

**A COLLECTION
OF STANDARD CATHOLIC HYMNS
THOROUGHLY REVISED
AND INTENDED CHIEFLY FOR THE
USE OF CATHOLIC COLLEGES,
ACADEMIES, AND SCHOOLS**

**BY
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CANISIUS COLLEGE, BUFFALO, N. Y.**

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Preface

The book herewith offered to the public will be found to contain an unusually rich collection of hymns that are not only dignified and devotional, but also pleasing and tuneful. Its chief merit, however is a more perfect agreement between the rhythm of the music and of the words, and a superior literary value of the hymn-texts.

It has long been felt and freely admitted that, in these respects, Catholic hymns in the English language have great defects, which only a very thorough and radical revision can remedy. Those who are further interested in the principles underlying such a revision will find them fully set forth in a series of articles that appeared in "The Catholic Choirmaster" for April, July, and October, 1916.

Acknowledgments

Grateful acknowledgments are made to the following:

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To J. Fischer & Bro. for the use of a number of hymns from several of their publications; To the Benedictines of Solesmes for some plain chant tunes; To A. Coppenrath of Regensburg for the use of Nos. 91 and 92; To the editors of the Arundel Hymns and of the League Hymnal; To His Eminence, Cardinal O'Connell for the use of his hymn to the Holy Name; To Rev. P. J. Cormican, S. J. for a number of the best hymn-texts in the book; and to several more friends for valuable suggestions and other aid.

ADVENT

1. A thrilling Voice rings forth

(En clara vox redarguit)



1. A thrill-ing voice rings forth with might To



chide the darkness in- to light: Let sin and all its



dreams be-gone In flight be - fore Salvation's dawn.

2. Now let each torpid soul arise,
That sunk in guilt and wounded lies;
For lo! a new Star's cheering ray
Beams forth to drive all gloom away.
3. The Lamb descends from heav'n above,
To pardon sin with purest love;
For such indulgent mercy shown
With tearful joy our thanks we own:
4. That when again He shines revealed,
And trembling worlds to terror yield,
He give not sin its just reward,
But prove Himself a gracious Lord.
5. To Him Who came the world to free,
To God the Son, all glory be;
To God the Father, as is meet,
And to the Holy Paraclete.

(1)

2. Creator of the Stars of Night

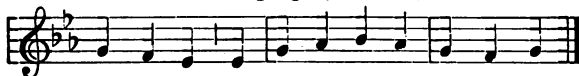
(Creator alme sidærum)



1. Cre - a - tor of the stars of night, Thy people's

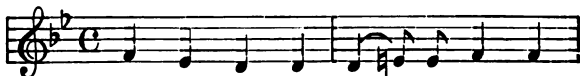


ev - er - last - ing light, Je - sus, the world's Re-



deemer blest, Oh, hear our prayers to Thee addressed.

2. Thou, lest our souls' deceitful foe
Should bring us all to deepest woe,
Thyself, for very love, wouldst be
Our healing balm and remedy.
3. And Thou, to take our guilt away,
Our ransom unto God to pay,
Didst issue from a Virgin shrine,
A spotless Victim, all divine.
4. Thy glorious might, Thy saving Name
No sooner can our lips proclaim,
Than heav'n and hell and earth to Thee
In awe and trembling bend the knee.
5. Thee, Lord, Who on the last great day
Shalt be our Judge, we humbly pray:
The armor of Thy grace bestow,
To shield our souls against the foe.
6. To Him Who came the world to free,
To God the Son, all glory be;
To God the Father, as is meet,
And to the Holy Paraclete.

3. Dews of Heaven, shed the Just One! (I)

1. "Dews of heav - en, shed the Just One!



Rain Him down, ye clouds on high!



Let the earth bud forth the Sav - iour!



Let the Prom - ised One draw nigh!"



Thus through years of wea - ry wait - ing,



And with ar - dor un - a - bat - ing,



Prayed the saints in days of old,



Rang the hymns of Ju - dah's fold;



Prayed the saints in days of old,



Rang the hymns of Ju - dah's fold.

2. God the Father in His mercy
 Had decreed to save our race;
 God the Son, in deep compassion,
 Stooped to take the sinner's place;
 God the Spirit gave his token
 Through the Virgin who had spoken;
 ¶: "Lo, Thy handmaid, Lord, has heard,
 Work in me Thy wondrous word." :¶
3. Then the Son assumed our nature,
 Was made flesh, and dwelled on earth:
 Brought us life and light abundant,
 Brought us grace of priceless worth.
 Well may we exult in gladness,
 Casting off all gloom and sadness;
 ¶: Well may we our voices raise,
 Now to sing our Saviour's praise. :¶

4. Dews of Heaven, shed the Just One! (II)



1. "Dews of heav - en, shed the Just One!



Rain Him down, ye clouds on high!



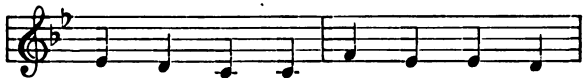
Let the earth bud forth the Sav - iour!



Let the Prom - ised One draw nigh!"



Thus through years of wea - ry wait - ing,



And with ar - dor un - a - bat - ing,



Prayed the saints in days of old,



Comes with par - don from the skies.

2. Lo, He comes Whom ev'ry nation,
Taught of God, desired to see,
Filled with hope and expectation,
That He would their Saviour be.
Heeding now the solemn warning, etc.

3. Lo, He comes Whom kings and sages,
Patriarchs and seers of old,
Through the long and dreary ages
Waited eager to behold.
Heeding now the solemn warning, etc.

4. Lo, He comes; let all adore Him,
Him the God of grace and truth!
Go, prepare the way before Him,
Make the rugged places smooth!
Heeding now the solemn warning, etc.

6. O Come, Divine Messiah



1. O come, di - vine Mes - si - ah! The
2. O Thou Whom na - tions sighed for, Whom
3. Thou'lt come in peace and meek - ness, And



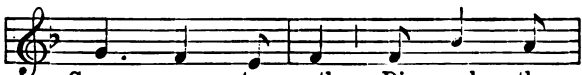
1. world in si - lence waits the day When
2. priests and pro - phets long fore - told, Break
3. low - ly will Thy cra - dle be: All



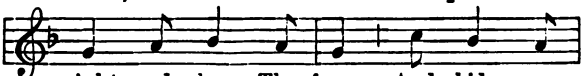
1. hope shall sing its tri - umph, And sad - ness
2. Thou the cap - tives, fet - ters, Re - deem the
3. clothed in hu - man weak - ness Thy God - head



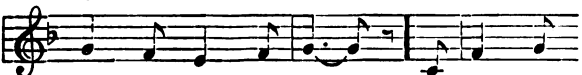
1. flee a - way.
2. long - lost fold. Sweet Sav - iour, haste:
3. we shall see.



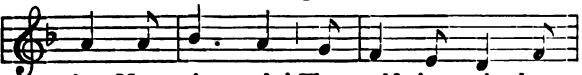
Come, come to earth: Dis - pel the



night and show Thy face, And bid us



hail the dawn of grace. O come, di-



vine Mes - si - ah! The world in si - lence

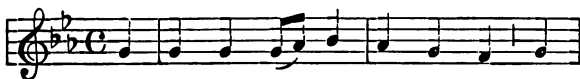


waits the day When hope shall sing its



tri - umph, And sad - ness flee a - way.

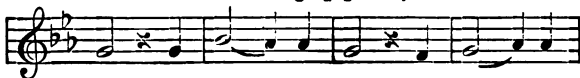
7. O come, O come, Emmanuel (I)



1. { O come, O come, Em-man - u - el, And
That mourns in ex - ile lone and drear, Un-



ran-som cap-tive Is - ra - el, } Re - joice, re-
til her Promised King ap-pear. }



joice ! With heart and voice, O Is - ra-



el ! Thy King is nigh: Em-man - u - el.

2. O come, O come, Thou Morning-Star,
Thy cheering rays send from afar;
Dispel from earth the brooding gloom
Of sinful night and endless doom.
Rejoice, rejoice ! etc.
3. O come, Thou Wisdom Increate,
Our misty minds illuminate,
And guide us on the one true way,
Lest, lured by sin, we go astray.
Rejoice, rejoice ! etc.
4. O come, O come, Thou Mystic Key;
The door to bliss fling wide and free;
Disclose to us Salvation's road,
And bar the way to Death's abode.
Rejoice, rejoice ! etc.

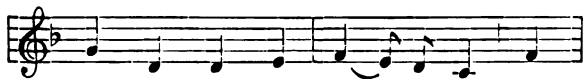
8. O come, O come, Emmanuel (II)



1. O come, O come, Em - man - u - el, And



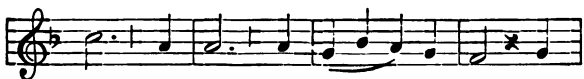
ran - som cap - tive Is - ra - el, That



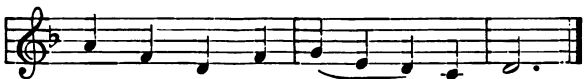
mourns in ex - ile, lone and drear, Un-



til her Prom - ised King ap - pear. Re-



joice! Re - joice! O Is - ra - el! Thy



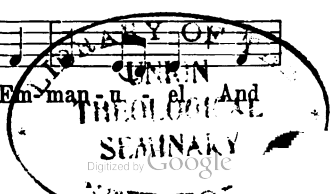
King is nigh, Em - man - - u - el.

(Further stanzas as in No. 7.)

9. O come, O come, Emmanuel (III)



1. O come, O come, Em - man - u - el, And

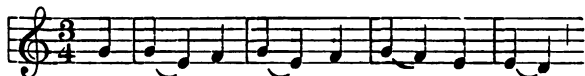


ran - som cap - tive Is - ra - el, That
 mourns in ex - ile lone and drear, Un-
 til her Pro-mised King ap - pear. Re-
 joice, re - joice, O Is - ra - el! Thy
 King is nigh: Em - man - u - el.

2. O come, O come, Thou Morning-Star,
 Thy cheering rays send from afar;
 Dispel from earth the brooding gloom
 Of sinful night and endless doom.
 Rejoice, rejoice, etc.
3. O come, Thou Wisdom Increate,
 Our misty minds illuminate,
 And guide us on the one true way,
 Lest, lured by sin, we go astray.
 Rejoice, rejoice, etc.

4. O come, O come, Thou Mystic Key,
 The door to bliss fling wide and free;
 Disclose to us Salvation's road,
 And bar the way to Death's abode.
 Rejoice, rejoice, etc.

10. O Come, O come, Emmanuel (IV)



1. O come, O come, Em - man - u - el,



And ran-som cap - tive Is - ra - el,



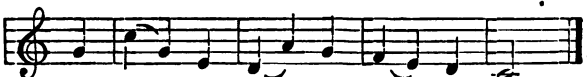
{ That mourns in ex - ile lone and drear, }
 { Un - til her Promised King ap - pear. }



Re-joice, re-joice, O Is - ra - el!



Thy King is nigh: Em - man - u - el,



Thy King is nigh: Em - man - u - el.

(Further stanzas as in No. 9.)

11.

Rorate cæli desuper

1. *Solo.*

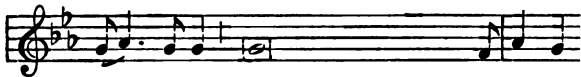
Solemes Chant Tune (adapted).

2. *Chorus.*

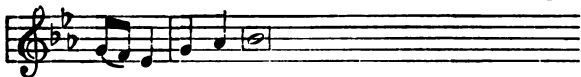
Ro - ra - te cæ - li de - su - per et

Solo.

nu-bes plu-ant Ju - stum. Ne i - ra - sca-ris,



Do - mi-ne, ne ultra memineris i - ni-qui-



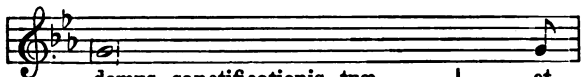
ta - tis: ec-ce civitas Sancti facta est deserta:



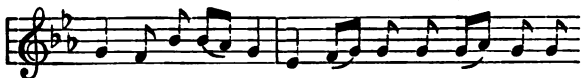
Sion de - ser - ta fa - cta est:



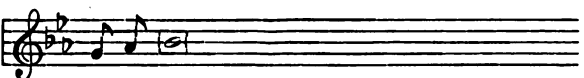
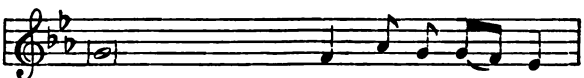
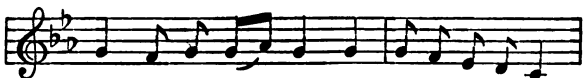
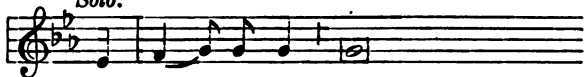
Je - ru - sa-lem de - so - la - ta est:

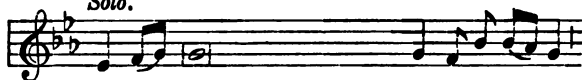


domus sanctificationis tuæ | et

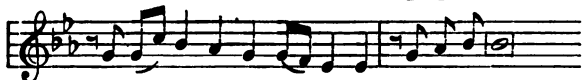


glo-ri-æ tu-æ, u - bi lau-da - ve - runt te

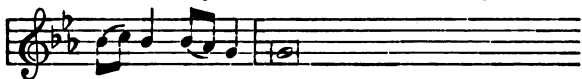
Chorus.*Solo.**Chorus.*

Solo.

Vi-de, Domine, | afflictionem po-pu-li tu - i,



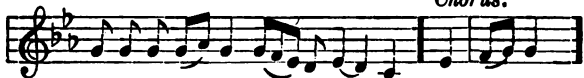
et mit - te quem mis - su - ras es: e - mit - te Agnum | domina-



to - rem ter - ræ, de petra deserti | ad montem



fi - li - æ Si - on: ut au - ferat ipse

Chorus.

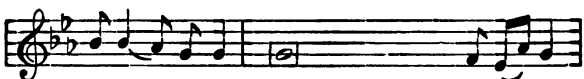
ju - gum cap - ti - vi - ta - tis no - stræ. Ro - ra - te, etc.

Solo.

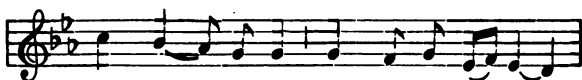
Con-so-lamini, con-so-lamini, po-pu-li me - us:



ci-to ve-ni-et sa-lus tu - a: qua-re mœ-ro-re



con-su - me-ris, quia innovavit te do - lor?

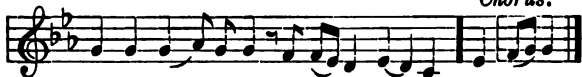


Sal - va - bo te, no - li ti - me-re,



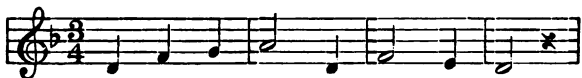
e - go e-nim sum Do-mi-nus De-us, tu - us,

Chorus.



San-ctus Is - ra-el, Re-dem-ptor tu-us. Ro-ra-te, etc.

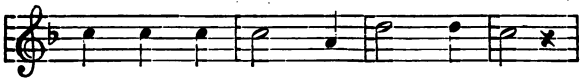
12. True Son of God, Eternal Light



1. True Son of God, E - ter - nal Light,



Come down to earth, il - lume the night!



Can - cel the curse of Par - a - dise,



Haste Thou to pay Re - demp-tion's price!

2. Four thousand years was hope delayed,
While devils mocked, and prophets prayed;
Four thousand years a cheerless gloom
Held all the earth in sin and doom.
3. O Long-Desired of Nations, haste!
Lo, demons lay Thy Kingdom waste:
See hands outstretched for help in vain,
Hear cries of woe, despair, and pain!
4. O Lord of Hosts, we pray Thee, come!
Put down the pow'rs of heathendom;
Rise up in all Thy matchless might,
Drive back the troops of hell in flight!
- 5 God's Kingdom come, His will be done!
May all men serve the Triune One;
Sing hymns of thanks, thou sainted host,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

(Rev. P. J. Cormican, S. J.)

(Blessed Virgin)

13.

Angelus Domini

Soli.

1. An - - gelus Domini | nunti -
2. Ec - ce an -
3. Et Ver - bum

Chorus.

1. a - vit Ma - ri - æ: et concepit de
2. cil - la Do - mi - ni: fiat mihi | secundum
3. ca - ro factum est: et habi -

ADVENT
(Blessed Virgin)

19



Solo.

1. Spi - ri - tu San - cto. 1-3. A - ve Ma - ri - a,
2. ver - bum tu - um.
3. ta - vit in no - bis.



gra - ti - a ple - na, Do - mi - nus te - cum,



be - ne - di - cta tu in mu - li - e - ri - bus,

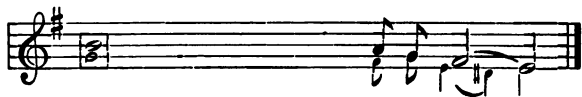


et be - ne - dictus fructus ventris tu - i, Je - sus.



Chorus.

Sancta Maria, Mater De-i, ora pro nobis peccatoribus |



nunc et in hora mortis nostræ. A - men.

ADVENT
(Blessed Virgin)

14. The Angelus

1. *Duet.*

mf The an-gel of the Lord de-clared unto Ma-ry;

and she con-ceived by the Ho-ly Ghost.

Solo.

mf Hail, Ma-ry, full of grace, the

Lord is with thee, bless-ed art

thou among wo-men, and bless-ed is the

Chorus.

fruit of thy womb, Je-sus. Ho-ly Ma-ry,

Mo-ther of God, pray for us sin-ners



now and at the hour of our death. A - men.



Be - hold the hand-maid of the Lord: be it



done un - to me ac - cord - ing to Thy word.

(Repeat "Hail Mary", etc., as above.)



And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt amongst us.

(Repeat "Hail Mary", etc., as above.)

15. "Ave Maria, gratia plena!"

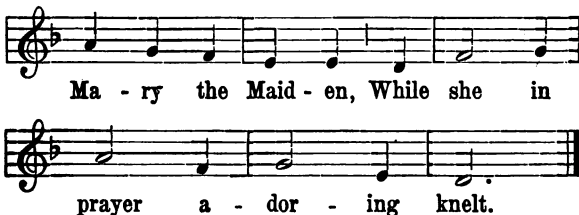


1. "A - ve Ma - ri - a, gra - ti - a



ple - na!" So spake the arch - an - gel to

ADVENT
(Blessed Virgin)



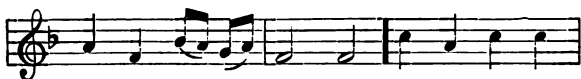
2. "Thou shalt conceive and bear in due season
A Babe Whom all nations shall bless with good
reason,
And hail thee Mother of thy God."
3. "Good my lord angel, grant me a token:
Pray, how may this happen whereof thou hast spoken?
For never man have I yet known."
4. "Power from on high shall rest on thee, Mary,
Like dew breathing life on the flower of the prairie;
So shalt thou bear the heav'nly Child."
5. "After thy word, so be it," said Mary,
"The purpose eternal of God cannot vary:
Behold the handmaid of the Lord!"
6. Glory and honor, praise and thanksgiving
Be paid unto God, Who eternally living
Hath shown mankind such ample grace.

16. Gabriel to Mary went

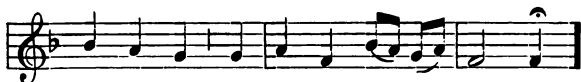
From Arundel Hymns



1. Ga - bri - el to Ma - ry went, — A
2. "How shall this be - fall?" she quoth, "For



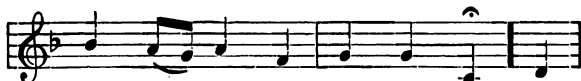
1. migh-ty mes-sage bare he; Deep in awe the
2. man hath nev-er known me. Can I break my



1. maid-en bent To hear the first "Hail Ma - ry."
2. plighted troth That none but God shall own me?



1. He spoke as soft as sum-mer air: "Hail,
2. The an - gel said: "O Maid, be - lieve; The



1. first a - mong the pure and fair! Thou
2. Ho - ly Ghost shall this a - chieve. So

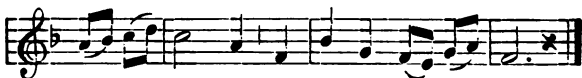


1. un - de - filed Shalt bear a child All glo - rious,-
2. be not sad, But whol-ly glad, For sure - ly



1. The Sav-iour of man-kind; And in His
2. Thy maid-en - hood, so white Shall shine for-

ADVENT
(Blessed Virgin)



1. Name vic - to - rious Thine own shall glo - ry find.
2. ev - er pure - ly By God's most wondrous might."

3. Then the Maid of David's blood
 Spoke out in answer lowly:
 "I am but the slave of God,
 And He my Lord most Holy.
 Do thou, His angel from on high,
 Bear back to Him my prompt reply:
 That I consent
 Right well content
 To hold me
 By all that He has willed;
 And may what thou hast told me
 Be row in me fulfilled."

4. Mother of th' Incarnate Lord,
 Who, by thy word thus spoken,
 Hast through Him the peace restored
 Which Adam's sin had broken,
 Oh, plead for us with thy dear Son,
 That He, when this our day is done,
 His gentleness
 To our excess
 Extending,
 Our souls from sin may free;
 And we, in bliss unending,
 May reign with Him and thee.

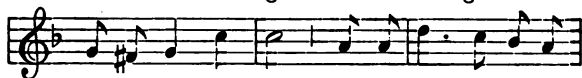
(Rev. J. O'Connor)

17. Like the Dawning of the Morning

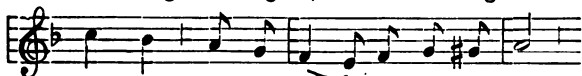
B. LUARD SELBY.



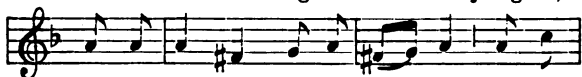
1. Like the dawn-ing of the morn-ing On the



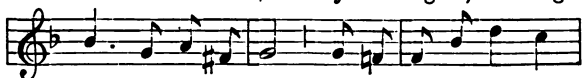
mountains' golden heights; Like the breaking of the



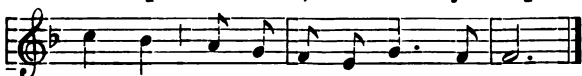
moon-beams On the gloom of cloud-y nights;



Like a se - cret, told by an - gels, Get-ting



known up - on the earth, Is Our La-dy's ex-pec-



ta - tion Of the Saviour's sa - cred birth.

2. Thou wert favored, blessed Mother,
With a bliss no tongue can tell,
When the angel's salutation
On thine ear like music fell;
When that sweet and blessed Ave
Greeted thee as full of grace,
And the Word of God, incarnate,
Made in thee His dwelling-place.

ADVENT
(Blessed Virgin)

3. Thou hast waited, child of David,
 But thy waiting now is o'er.
 Thou hast seen the world's Redeemer,
 And wilt see Him evermore.
 Mother dear, we too are waiting
 To behold thy Son divine:
 O, may we in endless glory
 Share the bliss which now is thine.

CHRISTMASTIDE

18.

Adeste, Fideles



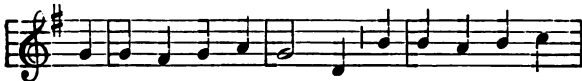
1. Ad-es - te, fi - de - les, Læ - ti tri - umphan - tes,
 2. En,gre - ge re - lic - to Hu - mi - les ad cu - nas



1. Ve - ni - te, ve - ni - te in Beth - le - hem!
 2. Vo - ca - ti pa - sto - res ad - pro - pe - rant.



1. Na - tum vi - de - te Re - gem An - ge - lo - rum!
 2. Nos - que o - van - ti gra - du fes - ti - ne - mus.



Ve - ni - te a - do - re - mus, Ve - ni - te a - do -



re-mus, Ve-ni-te a-do-re - mus Do - mi-num!

3. *Æterni Parentis*
Splendorem æternum
Velatum sub carne videbimus;
Deum infantem, pannis involutum.
Venite, adoremus! etc.
4. *Pro nobis egenum*
Et fœno cubantem
Piis foveamus amplexibus:
Sic nos amantem quis non redamaret?
Venite, adoremus! etc.

19. O come, all ye Faithful

(Tune as in No. 18)

1. O come, all ye faithful,
 Joyful and triumphant,
 To Jesus, to Jesus in Bethlehem;
 Come and behold Him
 Born, the King of Angels.
 O come, let us adore Him,
 O come, let us adore Him,
 O come, let us adore Him,
 Christ the Lord.
2. Their sheepfold forsaking,
 To His lowly cradle,
 By angels invited, the shepherds haste:
 Come, and exulting,
 In their footsteps follow.
 O come, let us adore Him, etc.

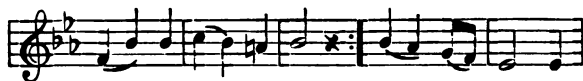
3. The Splendor Eternal
 Of the Father's glory
 Concealed we shall see in the Virgin's Babe;
 God as an infant,
 Clothed in swaddling garments!
 O come, let us adore Him, etc.
4. For us He is needy,
 Bedded in a manger,
 Oh, let us caress Him in fond embrace:
 Love so endearing,—
 Who would not requite it?
 O come, let us adore Him, etc.

20.

Altitudo



1. { Al - ti - tu - do, quid hic ja - ces In tam
 Qui cre - a - sti cæ - li fa - ces, Al - ges



vi - li sta - bu - lo? } O quam mi - ra
 in præ - se - pi - o? }



per - pe - tra - sti, Je - su, pro - pter ho - mi - nem !



Tam ar - den - ter quem a - ma - sti Pa - ra - di - so



ex - su - lem, Pa - ra - di - so ex - su - lem !

2. Fortitudo infirmatur,
Parva fit immensitas !
Liberator alligatur,
Nascitur æternitas !
O quam mira perpetrasti, etc.

3. Claritudo angelorum
Vili panno tegitur !
Magnus cæli dominator
Matris lacte alitur !
O quam mira perpetrasti, etc.

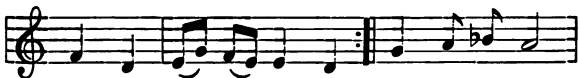
21. Angel Hosts from Realms of Glory



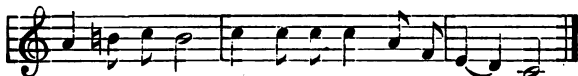
1. { An - gel hosts from realms of glo - ry,
Ye. who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry,



Wing your flight o'er all the earth; } { Let there
Now pro-claim the Saviour's birth. } { Hymns of



rise from ev' - ry na - tion } Glo - ry to God !
praise and ex - ul - ta - tion: }



Glo-ry to God! Glo-ry to God in the high-est!

2. From eternal years appointed
As our Prophet, Priest, and King,
Christ is born, the great Anointed!
Unto Him glad tribute bring!
Let there rise, etc.
3. Come ye lofty! Come ye lowly!
Let your songs of welcome ring!
In a stable lies th' All-Holy,
In a manger rests your King!
Let there rise, etc.
4. Lo! on high His star is shining,
And the Wise Men haste from far.
For the world in sorrow pining,
For us all has ris'n His star!
Let there rise, etc.
5. Hasten, mortals, to adore Him,
Learn His Name to magnify,
Till in heav'n ye sing before Him:
"Glory be to God on high!"
Let there rise, etc.

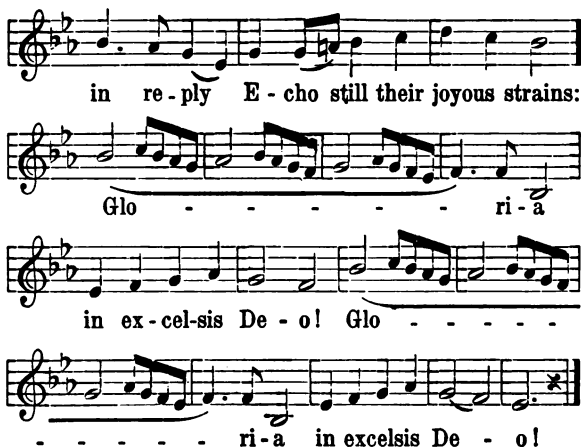
22. Angels we have Heard on High



1. An-gels we have heard on high, Sweet-ly



sing-ing o'er the plains; And the moun-tains



in re - ply E - cho still their joyous strains:

Glo - - - - - ri - a

in ex - cel - sis De - o! Glo - - - - -

- - - - - ri - a in excelsis De - o!

2. Shepherds, why so joyfully
 Sings the bright angelic throng?
 Say, what may the tidings be
 Which inspired their heav'nly song?
 Gloria, etc.

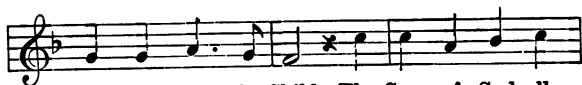
3. Come to Bethlehem, and see
 Him Whose birth the Angels sing;
 Come, adore on bended knee
 Christ our Lord, the new-born King.
 Gloria, etc.

4. See within a manger laid
 Jesus, Lord of heav'n and earth:
 Mary, Joseph, lend your aid
 To acclaim our Saviour's birth.
 Gloria, etc.

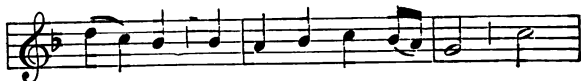
23. At Bethlehem the Lowly



1. At Beth - le-hem, the low - ly, Is



born a low - ly Child, The Son of God all -



ho - ly And Ma-ry un - de - filed. Glo -



ry! Glo - ry! To God and Ma-ry's Child.

2. He cometh veiled in weakness,
 He cometh not in might;
 His victory is meekness,
 His veiling is our light.
 Praise Him! Praise Him!
 Child-God of Christmas night.

3. While Angels chant above Him
 The wonders He has wrought,
 Let us adore and love Him,
 Who peace to earth has brought.
 Seek Him! Seek Him!
 Whom kings and shepherds sought.

4. Lord Jesus Christ, enroll us
 As Thine elect by grace;
 With gentle hand control us,
 The while we run life's race.
 Lead us! Lead us!
 To joy before Thy face.

5. From Bethlehem now glorious
 We turn to cope with life,
 To quell by grace victorious
 Our hearts with passion rife.
 Serve Him! Serve Him!
 Who crowneth noble strife.

24. Christ was Born on Christmas Day



1. Christ was born on Christmas day: Wreathe the
 2. He is born to set us free, He is



1. hol - ly, twine the bay! Chris - tus na - tus
 2. born our Lord to be, Ex Ma - ri - a



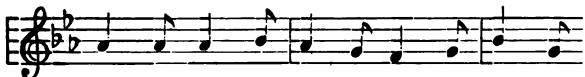
1. ho - di - e, The Babe, the Son, the Ho - ly
 2. Vir - gi - ne, The God, the Lord, by all a -



1. One of Ma - ry. } { 3. Let the bright red
 2. dored for-ev - er. } { 4. Christian men, re-



3. ber-ries glow Ev-'rywhere in good-ly show:
4. joice and sing, 'Tis the birthday of our King,



3. Chris-tus na-tus ho-di-e, The Babe, the
4. Ex Ma-ri-a Vir-gi-ne, The God, the



3. Son, the Ho-ly One of Ma-ry. }
4. Lord, by all a-dored for-ev-er. }



5. Night of sad-ness, morn of gladness ev-er-



more; Ev-er, ev-er, Af-ter ma-ny



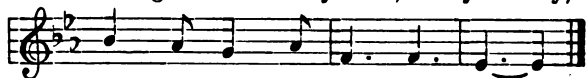
trou-ble sore, Morn of gladness ev-er-more and



ev-ermore. 6. Midnight scarcely passed and over,



Draw-ing to this ho - ly morn; Ver - y ear - ly,



ver - y ear - ly Christ was born.



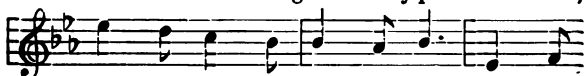
7. Sing out with bliss; His name is this: Em-man - u -



el! As was fore-told in days of old by



Ga - bri - el. 8. Midnight scarcely passed and over,



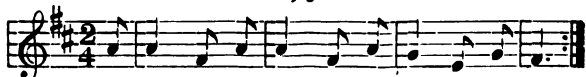
Draw-ing to this ho - ly morn, Ver - y



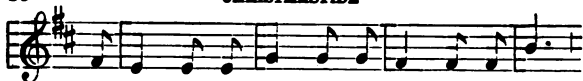
ear - ly, ver - y ear - ly Christ was born.

25.

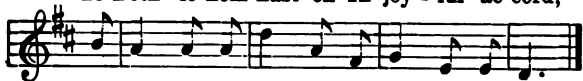
Come hither, ye Faithful



1. { Come hither, ye faith-ful, Tri-umphantly sing! }
 { Be - hold in a manger Your Saviour and King! }



To Beth - le-hem hast-en In joy - ful ac-cord,



With shepherds and sa - ges to wor-ship your Lord !

2. True Son of the Father
 He comes to our earth;
 Is born of a Virgin
 In wonderful birth.
 To Bethlehem hasten, etc.

3. The song of the angels
 Rings out from the sky:
 "To God for His goodness
 Be glory on high !"
 To Bethlehem hasten, etc.

26. Once in Royal David's City



1. { Once in roy - al Da - vid's ci - ty
 Where a moth - er laid her ba - by



Stood a low - ly cat - tle - shed, }
 In a man - ger for his bed. }



Ma - ry was that moth - er mild,



Je - sus Christ her lit - tle child.

2. He came down to earth from heaven
 Who is God and Lord of all,
 And His shelter was a stable,
 And His cradle was a stall;
 Thus He laid His glory by,
 Born that man no more may die.
3. May we all one day behold Him,
 Through His own redeeming love;
 For that Child so dear and gentle
 Waits for us in bliss above;
 Leading us His children on
 To the place where He is gone.
4. Not in that poor, lowly stable,
 With the oxen standing by,
 Shall we see Him,—but in heaven,
 Set at God's right hand on high;
 When like stars His children crowned
 Robed in light shall stand around.

27.

Resonet in laudibus



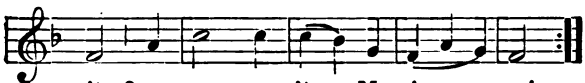
1. Re - so - net in lau - di - bus Et ju -
2. Si - on, lau - da Do - mi - num, Sal - va -
3. Pu - e - ri, con - cin - ni - te, Na - to



1. cun - dis plau - si - bus, Si - on cum fi -
 2. to - rem ho - mi - num, La - va - to - rem
 3. Re - gi psal - li - te, Vo - ce pi - a



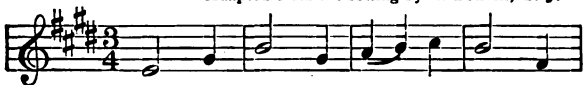
1. de - li - bus. Ap - pa - ru - it, ap - pa - ru -
 2. cri - mi - num.
 3. di - ci - te:



it Quem ge - nu - it Ma - ri - a!

28. Shepherds, tell your Wondrous Story

Adapted from the setting by L. Bonvin, S. J.



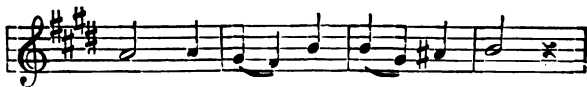
1. Shep - herds, tell the won - drous sto - ry,



How the an - gels, robed in glo - ry,



Sang to Ju - dah's hill - sides hoar - y:



"Born is your E - ter - nal King!



Born is your E - ter - nal King!"

2. Bethlehem hath now beholden
Kings of tribes remote and olden
Incense, myrrh, and treasure golden
||:To their Infant Saviour bring.:||
3. He, the Lord of all creation
By His holy Incarnation
Came to lead us to salvation,
||:For our sins to satisfy.:||
4. Now with Mary's rapture blending,
And with angel hosts contending,
Let our grateful song ascending
||:Glory give to God on high:||

29.

Silent Night!



1. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is calm,



all is bright { Round yon Vir - gin
In whose arms the



un - de - filed, }
Ho - ly Child } Slum-bers in heav - en - ly

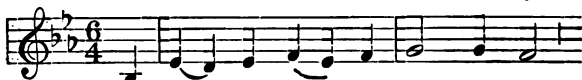


peace, Slum-bers in heav-en-ly peace.

2. Silent night! Holy night!
Shepherds first see the sight,
Hear the plains and valleys ring
With the song that angels sing:
"Jesus the Saviour is born!
Jesus the Saviour is born!"
3. Silent night! Holy night!
Son of God, Light of light!
Streams of gladness flood the earth,
From Thy cradle at Thy birth,
Jesus, Thou Light of the world!
Jesus, Thou Light of the world!

30. The Angels Sing around the Stall

From Arundel Hymns



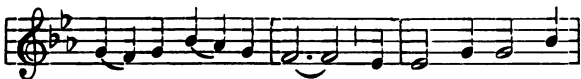
1. { The An - gels sing a-round the stall
The shep-herds hear the joy - ful call,



Where Je - sus cra - dled lies; }
That wakes the si - lent skies. }



O hear the mu - sic float - ing by, Ere



yet its ech-oes cease! Poured forth by An - gel



hosts on high Is heard the song of peace.

2. Three Eastern kings the star have seen,
And hasten on their way;
Their patient vigil long had been
For dawning of this day:
The dawning of the day of grace,
The gleam of Jacob's star,
The Virgin's child of Jesse's race,
By prophets seen afar. .
3. And now they open treasures rare,
Which costly silks enfold:
Of fragrant myrrh that scents the air,
Of frankincense and gold.
Their kingly heads they meekly bow,
The cradled Babe before;
Their God confess, and bending low
In humble faith adore.

4. With them I come to greet my King,
 But not like them depart;
 No gold or frankincense I bring,
 But only my poor heart:
 With Him to live, with Him to die,
 Who, by His lowly birth,
 Gave glory to our God on high
 And peace to men on earth.

(Fr. Gallwey, S. J.)

31.

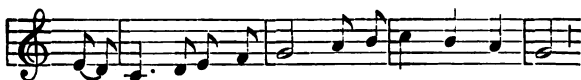
The first Noel



1. The first No - el an an-gel did say



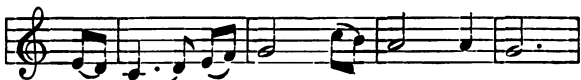
Un-to poor, simple shepherds in fields as they lay;



In fields where they lay, Keep-ing watch o'er their sheep,



On a cold, winter's night, when the Earth lay in sleep.



No - el, No - el, No - el, No - el!



Born is the King of Is - ra - el!

2. They looked aloft, and were blest with the sight
Of an angel of God, all resplendent with light;
And heeding the word which the angel then said,
They discovered their Lord in His poor mangerbed.
Noel, Noel, etc.
3. And led by the light of a wonderful star,
Three Wise Men came journeying on from afar;
To seek for a King was their simple intent,
And they followed the star wheresoever it went.
Noel, Noel, etc.
4. This star went on and on to the West,
Over Bethlehem's city it came to a rest;
And there in sooth it stood and stayed
Right over the stable where Jesus was laid.
Noel, Noel, etc.
5. They entered in, these Wise Men three,
And adoring fell on bended knee;
Then brought they forth with love intense
Their gold and myrrh and frankincense.
Noel, Noel, etc.
6. So let us all with one accord
Offer homage to Jesus, our Infant Lord,
Who all this world brought forth from nought,
And by His death our redemption wrought.
Noel, Noel, etc.

32. Thou didst leave Thy Throne



1. Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy Kingly crown,
2. Heav-en's arch-es rang, when the an-gels sang,



1. When Thou cam-est to earth for me; But in
2. Tell-ing forth Thy sublime de-gree; But in



1. Bethlehem's home was there found no room For Thy
2. low-ly birth didst Thou come to earth And in



1. ho-ly Na-tiv-i-ty. Oh, come to my heart, Lord
2. deep-est hu-mil-i-ty.



Je-sus ! There is room in my heart for Thee.

3. E'en the beasts found rest, and the birds could nest
In the shelter of cave and tree;
But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God,
On the hillside of Galilee.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.

4. Thou didst come, O Lord, with the living word
 That should win all the world to Thee;
 But with mocking scorn and with crown of thorn
 Did they drag Thee to Calvary.
 Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
 There is room in my heart for Thee.

5. When the heavens shall ring, and the angels sing
 At Thy coming to victory,
 Let Thy voice call me home, saying: "Yet there
 is room,
 There is room at My side for thee."
 And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus!
 When Thou comest to call for me.

33. With Gladsome Voice and Holy Mirth



1. { With glad-some voice and ho - ly mirth }
 { Pro - claim a - loud the Saviour's birth! }



- { E - ven as a stran - ger He comes to
 { Cra - dled in a man - ger He stoops to



- dwel a-mong His own ! } Lord and King of
 make a crib His throne: }



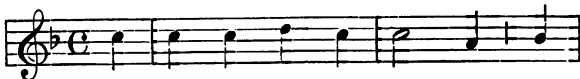
all . . . Ly - ing in a stall !

2. While angels sing ecstatic strains,
 That fill the sky, the hills, the plains,
 Shepherds run to meet Him
 And leave their midnight flocks alone;
 Magi come to greet Him,
 And bow before His humble throne;
 Triple gifts they bring,
 Hailing Christ their King.

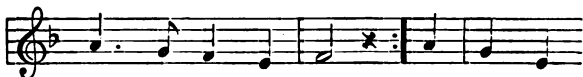
3. O hidden King ! O Babe divine !
 Console this yearning heart of mine !
 Lord of all creation,
 The source of ev'ry gift and grace;
 Fount of consolation,
 Enough to cheer an exiled race,
 Hearken to my plea,
 Haste to comfort me !

(Rev. P. J. Cormican, S. J.)

34. A Wondrous Rod has Sprouted



1. { A wondrous rod has sprout - ed From
 { As sa - cred seers had spo - ken, From



branch of an - cient fame; } It bore a
Jes - se's root it came; }



blos - som bright In bleak and chil - ly



win - ter And in the dead of night.

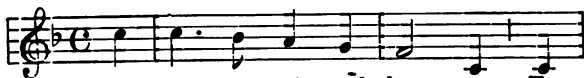
2. This rod of which we're singing,
Of which Isaiah sang,
Is Mary, purest virgin,—
From her the flower sprang;
By God's eternal will
She bore her Babe, our Saviour,
Though maid remaining still,

3. We beg of thee, O Mary,
Thou Virgin-Mother blest,
To lend thy mighty pleading
For what we now request:
Oh grant thy kindly aid,
That in our hearts for Jesus
A dwelling-place be made.

JESUS

35. All Glory, Praise and Honor

Elizabeth Raymond-Baker.



1. All glo - ry, praise, and hon - or To
2. True King Thou art, Lord Je - sus, Of



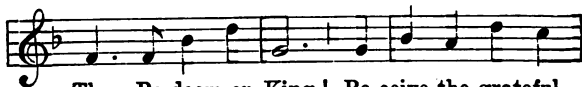
1. Thee, Re-deem - er, King, To Whom the
2. Da - vid's roy - al line; Our King by



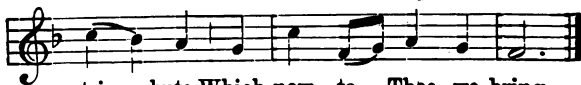
1. lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho-san-nas;
2. right e - ter - nal, All glo - rious and di-



1. ring. } All glo - ry, praise, and hon - or To
2. vine. }



Thee, Re-deem-er, King! Re-ceive the grateful



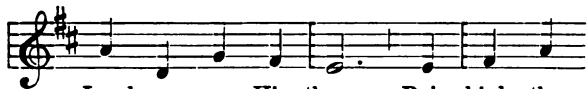
tri - bute Which now to Thee we bring.

3. On high the saints and angels
Exalt Thy holy Name,
And men on earth forever
Thy glory shall proclaim.
All glory, praise, etc.

36. Crown Him with many Crowns



1. Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The



Lamb up - on His throne; Raise high the



hymn, un - til it drowns All mu - sic



but its own. A-wake, my soul, and sing Of



Him thy matchless King, Who died to save our



fal - len race, And won re - deem-ing grace.

2. Crown Him the Virgin's Son,
Our God Incarnate born;
Whose love those crimson trophies won
Which now His Flesh adorn.
Awake, my soul, and sing, etc.
3. Crown Him the Lord of Love,
Who from His altar-throne,
Our living bread from heav'n above,
Consoles and feeds His own.
Awake, my soul, and sing, etc.
4. Crown Him the Lord of Life,
God's co-eternal Son,
Who once in glorious, deadly strife
For us Redemption won.
Awake, my soul, etc.
5. Crown Him the Lord of Lords,
And swear Him fealty,
Whose service merits rich rewards
For all eternity.
Awake, my soul, etc.

37. Dearest Lord Jesus, my Saviour, my Friend

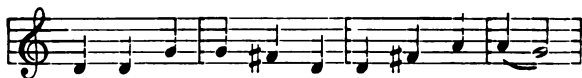
Tune from Roman Hymnal.



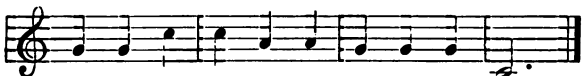
1. Dearest Lord Je - sus, my Sa-viour, my Friend,



Un - to Thy keep-ing my soul I com - mend;



Guard and de - fend me in weal and in woe,



On me Thy fa - vor in boun - ty be - stow.

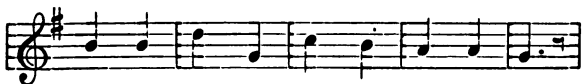
2. Living and dying in Thee will I rest,—
Thus shall I ever be truly most blest;
Let me not wander or swerve from Thy side,
Be Thou, Lord Jesus, my guardian and guide.
3. Let not Thy Passion for me be in vain;
Dearest Lord Jesus, my weakness sustain;
When by temptation my virtue is tried,
Let me be mindful of Thee crucified.
4. Be Thou my comfort, my strength, and my stay,
Dearest Lord Jesus, on life's toilsome way;
And when my journey has come to an end,
Be Thou in Judgment my merciful Friend.

38.

Jesus, all holy



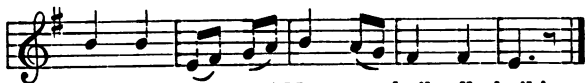
1. Je - sus all ho - ly, Gen - tle and



low - ly, Star, whose light can nev - er pale!



Sov - ran su - per - nal, Son of th'E -



ter - nal, Born of Ma - ry, hail, all hail !

2. Thou art our Master,
Monarch and Pastor,
Refuge and Defender strong;
Priest, Interceder,
Prophet and Leader,
Thine the tribute of our song.
3. Fountain of gladness,
Solace in sadness,
Cheering more than aught else can:
More than a brother,
Father or mother,
Dost Thou love poor, sinful man.
4. Jesus, we bless Thee,
Worship, confess Thee,
For our Lord and God Thou art;
Shield and protect us,
Tend and direct us,
Strong of arm and kind of heart.
5. Bide with us living,
Grace to us giving,
Guide us on o'er life's rough way;
Shrift to us dying
Freely supplying,
Be our Friend on Judgment Day.

39. Jesu dulcis memoria (I)

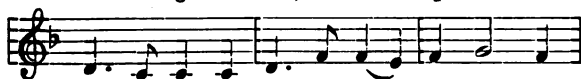
L. Bonvin S. J.



1. Je - su dul-cis me-mo - ri - a, Dans ve - ra



cor - dis gau - di - a, Sed su - per mel et



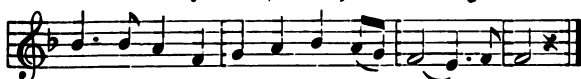
o - mni-a E - jus dul - cis præ-sen - ti-



a. Nil ca - ni - tur su - a - vi - us, Au-



di - tur nil ju - cun - di - us, Nil co - gi - ta - tur



dul - ci - us, Quam Jesus, De - i Fi - li - us.

2. Jesu, dulcedo cordium,
 Fons vivus, lumen mentium,
 Excedens omne gaudium
 Et omne desiderium.
 Nec lingua valet dicere,
 Nec littera exprimere,
 Expertus potest credere,
 Quid sit Jesum diligere.

3. Qui te gustant, esuriunt,
 Qui bibunt, adhuc sitiunt,
 Desiderare nesciunt
 Nisi Jesum quem diligunt.
 Quem tuus amor ebriat,
 Novit quid Jesus sapiat:
 Quam felix est quem satiat!
 Non est quod ultra cupiat.
4. Jesu, decus angelicum,
 In aure dulce canticum,
 In ore mel mirificum,
 In corde nectar cœlicum.
 Desidero te millies,
 Mi Jesu, quando venies?
 Mi lætum quando facies,
 Ut me te ipso saties?

40. Jesu dulcis memoria (II)

B. Kothe.

1. Je - su dul - cis me - mo - ri - a, Dans
 ve - ra cor - dis gau - di - a; Sed
 su - per mel et o - mni - a
 E - jus dul - cis præ - sen - ti - a, Sed



2. Jesu, spes pœnitentibus,
Quam pius es petentibus!
||: Quam bonus te quærentibus!
Sed quid invenientibus! :||
3. Jesu, Rex admirabilis,
Et triumphator nobilis,
||: Dulcedo ineffabilis,
Totus desiderabilis. :||
4. Qui te gustant, esuriunt,
Qui bibunt, adhuc sitiunt,
||: Desiderare nesciunt
Nisi Jesum quem diligunt. :||
5. Jesum omnes agnoscite,
Amorem ejus poscite;
||: Jesum ardentè quærite,
Quærendo inardescite. :||

41. Jesus, my most Loving Saviour





Who didst live and die for me!



Liv - ing, will I live to love Thee,



Dy - ing, let me die in Thee.



Je - sus, Je - sus, By Thy life and



death of sor - row, Help me al - ways



Thine to be, Help me al-ways Thine to be.

2. Jesus, Who didst hang in anguish
On the Cross of Calvary;
Bleeding, bruised, and all forsaken,
There didst writhe in agony:
Jesus! Jesus!
By those three long hours of suff'ring
||: Thou didst purchase grace for me. :||

3. When my own last hour approaching
 Fills my guilty soul with fear;
 While my sins rise up before me,
 And my virtues disappear:
 Jesus! Jesus!
 Turn not then in anger from me,—
 ¶: Mary, Joseph, then be near! :¶
4. When the priest, with Holy Unction,
 Prays for mercy and for grace,
 May the tears of deep compunction
 All my guilty stains efface.
 Jesus! Jesus!
 Let me find in Thee a refuge,
 ¶: In Thy Heart a resting-place.: ¶
5. Lord, by all that Thou didst suffer,
 Grant me grace on that dread day;
 Help me, Mary, sweetest Mother,
 Dear Saint Joseph, near me stay!
 Jesus! Jesus!
 Let my lips, in death repeating,
 ¶: "Jesus, Mary, Joseph!" pray.: ¶

42. Jesus, true joy to every heart



1. Je - sus, true joy to ev' - ry heart
 2. No word is sung more sweet than this;



1. Thy sweet re - membrance doth im - part;
 2. No name is heard more full of bliss;



1. But O! than hon - ey sweet - er far
2. No thought brings sweeter com - fort nigh,



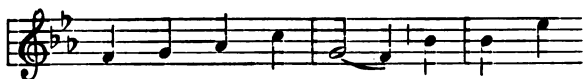
1. The rap - tures of Thy pre - sence are.
2. Than Je - sus, Son of God most high.

3. Jesus, Thou hope of contrite hearts,
Thy bounty every boon imparts;
To all who seek Thee, O how kind!
How full of bliss to all who find!
4. No pen can write, no tongue declare
What joy it is Thy love to share;
The loving heart alone can tell
How sweet it is to love Thee well.
5. Jesus, Thou sweetness pure and blest,
Life's Fountain, Light of souls distressed;
Surpassing all that heart requires,
Exceeding all that soul desires.
6. Let one and all His love proclaim,
Implore His grace and bless His Name;
To seek Him be our sole desire,
Till seeking sets our hearts on fire.

43. Jesus! the very thought of Thee



1. Je - sus! the ve - ry thought of Thee With



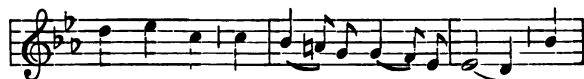
sweetness fills my breast; But sweet - er



far Thy Face to see, And in Thy



pre - sence rest. No voice can sing, no



heart can frame, Nor can the mem'ry find, A



sweet - er sound than Thy blest Name, O Sav-iour



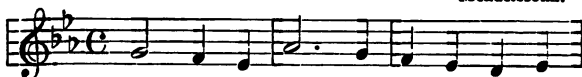
of man-kind, O Sav-iour of man-kind.

2. Thou hope of every contrite heart,
 Thou strength of all the weak;
 To those who pray, how kind Thou art!
 How good to them that seek!
 But what Thou art to those who find
 No tongue nor pen can show;
 This joy transcends the human mind,
 As those who felt it know.

3. May every heart confess Thy Name,
 And ever Thee adore,
 And seeking Thee, itself inflame
 To seek Thee more and more.
 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
 As Thou our prize wilt be;
 Be Thou our life and glory now
 And through eternity.

44. Jesus, to Thee from ways of sin
 and sadness

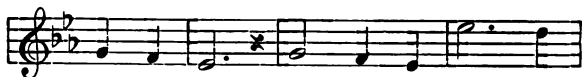
Mendelssohn.



1. Je - sus, to Thee from ways of sin and



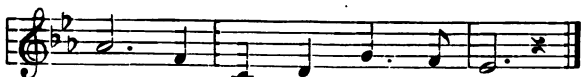
sad - ness Trust-ing we turn for rest a -



mid the strife; Thou, Thou a - lone canst



give true peace and glad - ness, Thou art a -



lone the Way, the Truth, the Life.

2. Thou art the Way, dear Lord, to Thee for guidance
From ways of sorrow and of death we flee;
Seeking the Father, vainly shall we seek Him,
Unless our steps are guided on by Thee.
3. Thou art the Truth, dear Lord, Thy teaching only
True light and wisdom can to us impart;
Thou, only Thou canst keep the mind from error,
Strengthen the will, and gently sway the heart.
4. Thou art the Life: Thy rock-rent tomb so glorious
Shows forth the might of Thine unvanquished arm;
Thus shall they all, who turn to Thee in trial,
Feel wondrous strength, that nought can take or
harm.
5. Lord, be to us all this that Thou hast promised:
Be Thou our guide to shun the paths of sin,
Sow in our souls Thy sweet and saving lessons,
Fill us with strength eternal life to win.

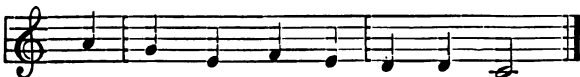
45. Lord, let me live for Thee



Lord, let me live for Thee! Lord, let me



die in Thee! Thine let me whol-ly be

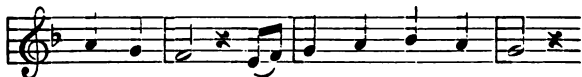


For time and for e - ter - ni - ty.

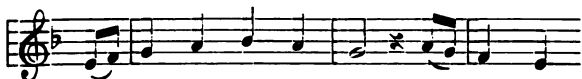
(May be sung three times, each time in a higher key.)

46. May Jesus Christ be Praised

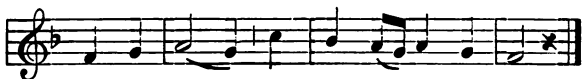
1. May Je - sus Christ be praised Through all e -



ter - ni - ty ! When morning gilds the skies,



My heart a - wak - ing cries: May Je - sus



Christ be praised Through all e - ter - ni - ty !

2. May Jesus Christ be praised
Through all eternity !
When I begin the day,
I'll never fail to say:
May Jesus Christ be praised
Through all eternity !

3. May Jesus Christ be praised
Through all eternity !
Alike at work and prayer
To Jesus I'll repair:
May Jesus Christ be praised
Through all eternity !

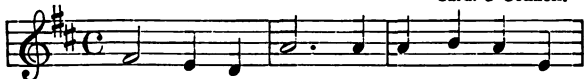
4. May Jesus Christ be praised
Through all eternity!
Be this when day is passed
Of all my thoughts the last:
May Jesus Christ be praised
Through all eternity!

5. May Jesus Christ be praised
Through all eternity!
Let earth's wide circle round
In joyful notes resound:
May Jesus Christ be praised
Through all eternity!

47.

O Holy Name

Card. O'Connell.



1. O Ho - ly Name of ma - jes - ty and
2. All o'er the earth the hearts of men are



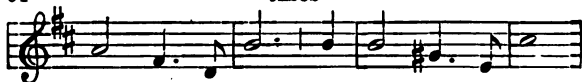
1. pow - er, O Sa - cred Name of God's own Son:
2. dy - ing, Killed by the storms of greed and strife;



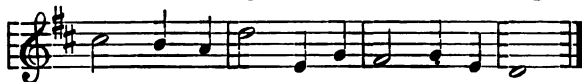
1. In ev'-ry joy, in ev'-ry wea-ry hour,
2. All o'er the land re-bellion's flag is fly - ing,



1. Be Thou our strength un - til life's war is won.
2. Threat'ning our al - tars and the na - tian's life.



Fierce is the fight For God and the Right,

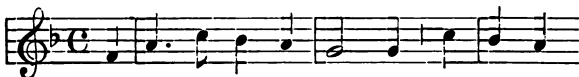


Sweet Name of Je - sus, In Thee is our might.

3. Ages ago, our fathers firm and loyal,
 Fought for the Faith, fore'er the same;
 We are their sons, our heritage is royal,
 And we shall conquer in the Holy Name.
 Fierce is the fight, etc.
4. Up, Christian soldiers, Christ Who goes before us,
 Shows us His Cross, and leads the way;
 Nought need we fear, His shielding arm is o'er us,
 Vict'ry is ours, if we but watch and pray.
 Fierce is the fight, etc.

48.

O Jesus, Dearest Jesus



1. { O Je - sus, dearest Je - sus, Thou fount of
 If aught be-side Thee please us, It can-not



pur - est joy; } From this day forth I take Thee
 fail to cloy. }



To rest in Thee a-lone; O Je - sus,



deign to make me More tru - ly be Thine own.

2. The world and all its treasures
No more shall be my goal;
Its false and fleeting pleasures
Can never sate my soul.
From this day forth, etc.
3. And though I slip and stumble,
I put my trust in Thee;
For well I know the humble
Shall speak of victory.
From this day forth, etc.
4. When foes are lurking near me,
And hidden snares abound,
Be quick to aid and cheer me,
And compass me around.
From this day forth, etc.
5. And when the shades are falling,
And life is near its end,
Then let me hear Thee calling
As Friend to needy friend.
From this day forth, etc.

49.

O via, vita, veritas

Rev. J. LESSMANN, S. J.



1. { O vi - a, vi - ta, ve - ri - tas, }
{ Lu-cens per o - mnes se - mi - tas, }



2. In verbo tuo stabimus:

O Jesu!

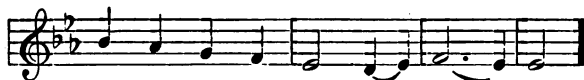
Crucis pugnam pugnabimus:

O Jesu!

Dediti Ecclesiæ,

Veritatis Regiæ:

Te collaudamus, etc.



po - ta - ve - runt me a - ce - to.

Chorus.



A - do - ra - mus te, Christe, et ben - e - dicimus



ti - bi, qui - a per sanctam crucem tu - am

Solo (or Soli)



re - de - mi - sti mun - dum. A plan - ta pe -



dis us - que ad ver - ti - cem non est in e - o



san - i - tas: vul - nus et li - vor et plaga



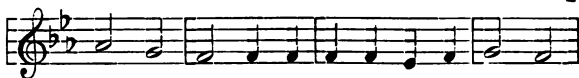
tumens non est circumli - ga - ta, nec cu - ra - ta



me - di - camine, nec fo - ta o - - le - o.

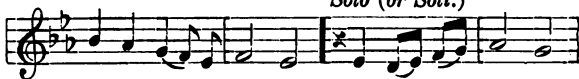
Chorus.

A - do - ra - mus te, Chri - ste, et ben - e - dicimus



ti - bi, qui - a per sanctam crucem tu - am

Solo (or Soli.)



re - de - mi - sti mundum. Ca - li - ga - verunt



o - cu - li me - i a fle - tu me - o,



qui - a el - on - ga - tus est a me qui con -



so - la - ba - tur me. Vi - de - te omnes po - pu - li



si est do - lor si - mi - lis si - cut do -

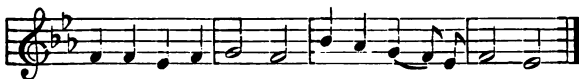
Chorus.



lor me - - - us. A - do - ra - mus te,



Christe, et bene-di-cimus ti - bi, qui - a per



sanctam crucem tu - am re-de - mi - sti mundum.

51.

Crux ave benedicta



1. Crux a - ve be - ne - di - cta, Per

2. Tu ar - bo - rum re - gi - na, Sa -



1. te mors est de - vi - cta, In te pe - pen - dit

2. lu - tis me - di - ci - na, Pres - so - rum es le -



1. De - us, Rex et Sal - va - tor me - us.

2. va - men Et tri - sti - um so - la - men.

3. O sacrosanctum lignum,
Tu viæ nostræ signum,
Tulisti fructum Jesum,
Devotæ mentis esum.

4. Dum crucis inimicos
Vocabis et amicos,
O Jesu, Fili Dei,
Sis, oro, memor mei.

52. God of Mercy and Compassion

(Act of Contrition)



1. { God of mer - cy and com - pas - sion,
Fa - ther, let me call Thee Fa - ther,



Look with pi - ty down on me; } Je - sus,
'Tis Thy child that turns to Thee. }



Lord, I ask for mer - cy, Let me not im -



plore in vain; For my sins I crave Thy



par - don, Nev - er will I sin a - gain.

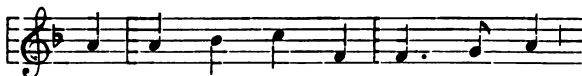
2. By my sins I am made guilty
To be cast away from Thee
Into hell where pains and torments
Would my lot for ever be.
Jesus, Lord, etc.

3. By my sins I have abandoned
Right and claim to heav'n above,
Where the saints rejoice for ever
In a boundless sea of love.
Jesus, Lord, etc.

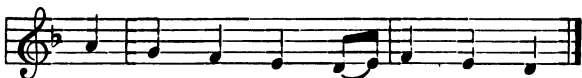
4. See the Saviour bleeding, dying
 On the cross of Calvary:
 To that cross my sins have nailed Him,
 There He bleeds and dies for me.
 Jesus, Lord, etc.

53. I see my Saviour Crucified

1. I see my Sav - iour cru - ci - fied,
 His wounds in hands and feet and side,
 His sa - cred flesh all bruised and torn,
 His blood - y crown of sharp - est thorn.
 'Tis I of this life cause have been,
 When I de - filed my soul by sin:



Oh, spare and par - don me, my Lord!



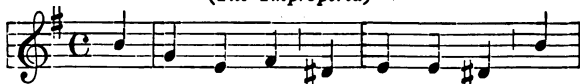
And let me be to grace re - stored!

2. Those cruel nails, 'twas I drove in,
Each time my will gave way to sin;
That crown of thorns, 'twas I who wove,
When I despised His gracious love.
'Tis I of this the cause have been, etc.

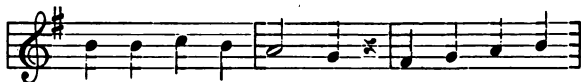
3. Now to those feet I'll venture near,
And wash them with a contrite tear;
And ev'ry bleeding wound I see,
Will be a pledge of love for me.
'Tis I of this the cause have been, etc.

4. Deep graven on my sinful heart,
Oh never may that form depart;
That with me always may abide
The thought of Jesus crucified.
'Tis I of this the cause have been, etc.

54. Mi popule, quid merui? (The Improperia)



1. { Mi po - pu - le, quid me - ru - i? In
Cur o - di - o tam im - pi - o Ut



quo te con - tri - sta - vi? Non - ne qui - bus
ho - stem me in - va - dis? Cru - cis cur sup -



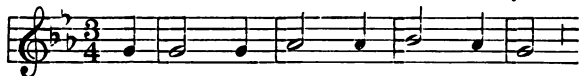
de - bu - i Bo - nis te or - na - vi?
pli - ci - o Me ne - can - dum tra - dis?

2. Te liberum ac dominum
Cunctorum procreavi;
Mundum in palatium
Tibi fabricavi.
Tu pauculis argenteis
Me hosti vendidisti;
Pro peccati gaudiis
Deum prodidisti.
3. Ut unicum te filium
In sinu meo fovi;
Semper tuum commodum
Sedulo promovi.
Tu plurimis opprobriis
Hanc curam rependisti;
Et ingratitude
Culpam addidisti.
4. Te variis scientiis
Præ brutis exornavi;
Te et ipsis angelis
Prope exæquavi.
Ah, propere convertere,
Peccata detestare!
Quare te vis perdere,
Cum possis salvari?

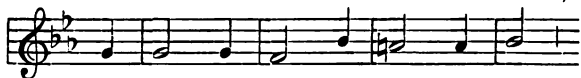
55.

O Come and Mourn

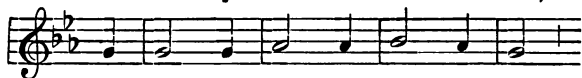
Roman Hymnal.



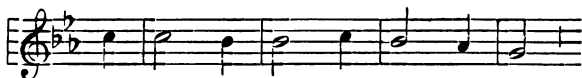
1. O come and mourn with me a - while;



See Ma - ry calls us to her side;



O come and let us mourn with her:



Je - sus, our Love, is cru - ci - fied,



Je - sus, our Love, is cru - ci - fied.

2. Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?

While on the Cross He meekly hangs,
||:While He, our Love, is crucified?:||

3. Behold, His hands and feet are nailed,
His blessed tongue with thirst is tied;

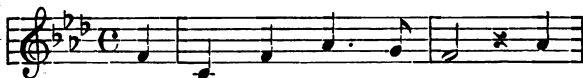
His failing eyes are blind with blood:
||:Jesus, our Love, is crucified !:||

4. He speaks but seven words of love;
Yet all three hours His silence cried

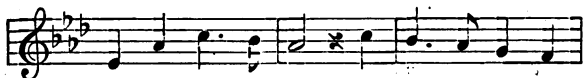
For mercy on the souls of men:
||:Jesus, our Love, is crucified !:||

5. Come, take thy stand beneath the Cross,
 And let the Blood from out His side
 Fall gently on thee drop by drop:
 ||: Jesus, our Love, is crucified !: ||
6. O Love of God ! O sin of man !
 In this dread act your strength is tried;
 Yet victory remains with Love:
 ||: Jesus, our Love, is crucified !: ||

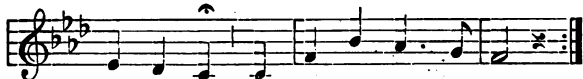
56. O'erwhelmed in Depths of Woe



1. { O'er-whelmed in depths of woe, Up -
 See how those cru - el nails His



on the tree of scorn, Hangs Je - sus, our Re -
 ach-ing limbs dis-tend; See, down His face and



deem - er blest, All bleeding, bruised, and torn.
 neck and breast His blood in streams descend.

2. His life-long task is done,
 The world's redemption won,
 And all His bitter pains and woes
 Are now at length to end;
 When on the silent air
 Rings out His dying prayer:
 "Father into Thy loving hands
 My spirit I commend."

3. Hark, with what awful cry
 His spirit takes its flight;
 That cry, it pierced His Mother's heart,
 And steeped her soul in night.
 The earth, its grief to show
 Sways wildly to and fro;
 The noonday sun withdraws its light,
 All nature shares His woe.

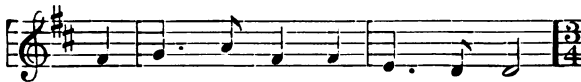
4. Shall man alone be mute,
 And stand unfeeling by,
 While His Redeemer hangs in pain
 Between the earth and sky?
 Come, fall before His Cross,
 Who shed for you His Blood,
 Who died the prey of purest love,
 Restoring peace with God.

57. O Faithful Cross

Roman Hymnal.



1. O faith - ful Cross, O nob - lest tree !



In all our woods there's none like thee !



No earth - ly groves , no sha - dy bow'rs



Pro-duce such leaves, such fruit, such flow'rs.



Sweet are the nails and sweet the wood



That bear a weight so sweet, so good!

2. Bend, tow'ring tree, thy branches bend,
 Thy native rigor, pray, suspend!
 Let not stiff nature use her force,
 Let gentler saps now have their course.
 Tenderly now thy burden bear,
 Our dying Saviour kindly spare!
3. Thou, tree of glory, tree of life,
 Dost mark the world's most mighty strife.
 What once of shame the sign had been,
 To Jesus now the world doth win:
 Lo, from the Cross, His altar-throne,
 He sweetly draws and sways His own.
4. Thou, thou alone wert meet esteemed
 The Lamb to bear Who man redeemed;
 Thy spreading arms, like balance true,
 Weighed out the price for sinners due;
 And on thy altar meekly laid,
 The Lamb of God atonement made.

58. O Jesus, Who Seized and Who Bound Thee?



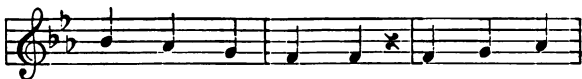
1. { O Je - sus, who seized and who bound Thee ?
Thy friends have been faithless and truth-less,



What man - ner of crowning hath crowned Thee?
Thy foes have been sav - age and ruth - less



What in - sults and strip - ping What



scourg - es and whip - ping Are Thy re -



ward, My suf - fer - ing Lord!

2. The blasphemy ribald and shocking,
The hooting and hissing and mocking,
The refuse and scum of the city,—
They fill me with sorrow and pity.
Their frenzied behavior
Hath murdered my Saviour!
My Lord was slain,—
But Loss will be Gain.

3. That day when Thy foes seemed to vanquish,
 The Cross was the symbol of anguish;
 To-day it's the symbol of glory,
 Immortal in art and in story;
 The joy of the lowly,
 The love of the holy,
 It fires the brave,
 It ransoms the slave.
4. When Christ shall appear in His splendor,
 And Mary with Saints to attend her;
 When scoffer and arrant blasphemer
 Shall shudder before the Redeemer,
 The cross of Salvation,
 With great exaltation,
 Shall then be shown
 In glory unknown.

(Rev. P. J. Cormican, S. J.)

59.

O Sacred Head

1. O sa - cred Head sur - round - ed By
 crown of piercing thorn ! O bleeding Head, so
 wound - ed, Re - viled and put to scorn ! Death's
 pal - lid hue comes o'er Thee, The glow of



life de - cays; Yet an - gel hosts a -



dore Thee, And trem - ble as they gaze.

2. I see Thy strength and vigor
 All fading in the strife,
 And death with cruel rigor
 Bereaving Thee of life.
 By this Thy bitter dying,
 That set the sinner free,
 Jesus, Thy grace supplying,
 Be merciful to me.
3. O Jesus, I adore Thee,
 My thorn-crowned Lord and King;
 I bow my heart before Thee;
 Thy gracious Name I sing:
 Thy Name that brought salvation,
 Thy Name, in life my stay,
 My hope and consolation,
 When life shall fade away.

60. Say, My Own Dear People



1. Say, My own dear peo - ple, say, Why



you un-grate-ful prove? Why with cold-ness



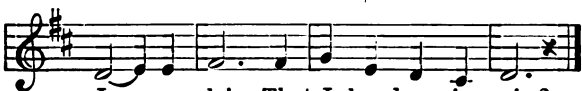
you re-pay The ar - dor of My love?



If I am He Who died to save, Who



life - re - deem - ing ran - som gave, Must



I com-plain That I loved you in vain?

2. When for child did father bear
 What I for you have borne?
 When did child to father give,
 Like you, such cause to mourn?
 And yet this Heart, though outraged so
 Can nought but fond forgiveness show:
 Then come, return,
 Nor all Its mercy spurn.

3. Think not that My Heart demands
 A sacrifice too great;
 All I ask of man is love,
 And man returns but hate:
 Obedient to each passion's whim,
 But deaf to Me, Who died for him,
 The more I press,
 He heeds My voice the less.

4. O sweet Jesus, grant that we
 May hearken to Thy call;
 Willing tribute yield to Thee
 Of life, love, freedom, all.
 No more the world's deceitful charms
 Shall wrest Thy children from Thy arms,
 Nor Satan win
 Our hearts from Thee to sin.

61. Vexilla Regis prodeunt

Plain Chant Tune.



1. Ve - xil - la Re - gis pro - de - unt,
 2. Quo vul - ne - ra - tus in - su - per



1. Fulget Cru - cis my - ste - ri - um, Quo car - ne
 2. Mu - cro - ne di - ro lan - ce - æ, Ut nos la -



1. car - nis Con - di - tor Su - spen - sus
 2. va - ret cri - mi - ne, Ma - na - vit



- est pa - ti - bu - lo. A - men.
 un - da et san - gui - ne.

3. Impleta sunt quæ concinit
David fideli carmine,
Dicens: In nationibus
Regnavit a ligno Deus.
 4. Arbor decorâ et fulgida,
Ornata Regis purpura,
Electa digno stipite
Tam sancta membra tangere.
 5. Beata, cujus brachiis
Sæcli pependit pretium:
Statera facta corporis,
Prædamque tulit tartari.
 6. O Crux, ave, spes unica:
Hoc Passionis tempore,
Auge piis justitiam,
Reisque dona veniam.
 7. Te, summa Deus Trinitas,
Collaudet omnis spiritus:
Quos per Crucis mysterium
Salvas, rege per sæcula.
- Amen.

(Blessed Virgin)

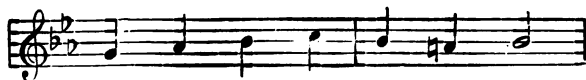
62. By the Cross the Mother-Maiden (I)



1. By the Cross the Mo - ther - maid - en
2. Who un-moved could see her weep - ing.



1. Weep - ing stood and sor - row - lad - en,
2. See those streams of sor - row sweep - ing



1. While her Je - sus hung a - bove;
2. Down her pale and grief-worn cheek?



1. Through her breast with an - guish heav - ing,
2. Who with spi - rit un - re - lent - ing



1. With a moth - er's sor - row griev - ing,
2. Could be - hold her thus la - ment - ing,



1. Ran the sword of suff - 'ring love.
2. Whelmed in woes no tongue can speak?

3. Lo, she sees her Son all-holy
For our sins a victim lowly,
Doomed to die a dreadful death;
Sees His friends, in fear retiring,
Leave alone their Lord expiring,
Till in pain He yields His breath.

4. Mournful Mother, let me borrow
Part of that most sacred sorrow,
Which for Jesus thou didst feel;
That my heart, fresh ardor gaining,
More devoted love attaining,
May to His dear Heart appeal.

LENT
(Blessed Virgin)

5. Let me share in thy affliction,
Mourn with thee His crucifixion,
Ev'ry day that I may live;
Neath the Cross of our salvation,
Joined with thee in contemplation,
I my tears would freely give.
6. Virgin, thou of virgins purest,
In that anguish thou endurest
Let me have with thee some part;
In a spirit bowed and broken
Let me bear for Christ a token
Of His death within my heart.
7. Be His Wounds my sweetest treasure,
Be His Cross my noblest pleasure,
And my drink His Blood divine.
Mother, may thy prayers defend me,
On the day of doom befriend me,
Lest the pains of hell be mine.
8. May, when my Creator calls me,
When the hour of death appals me,
Christ, my Lord, the tempest calm;
When to dust my flesh is turning,
May He grant my spirit's yearning
To receive the victor's palm.

63. By the Cross the Mother-Maiden
(II)



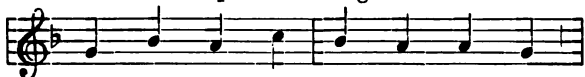
1. By the Cross the Moth - er - maid - en
2. Who un-moved could see her weep - ing,



1. Weep - ing stood and sor - row - la - den,
2. See those streams of sor - row sweep - ing



1. While her Je - sus hung a - bove;
2. Down her pale and grief - worn cheek?



1. Through her breast with an - guish heav - ing,
2. Who with spi - rit un - re - lent - ing



1. With a moth - er's sor - row griev - ing,
2. Could be - hold her thus la - ment - ing,



1. Ran the sword of suff - 'ring love.
2. Whelmed in woes no tongue can speak?

(Further stanzas as in preceding hymn, No. 62.)

64.

Stabat Mater

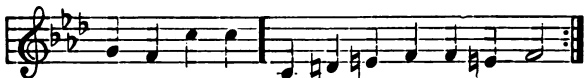
Old French Chant,
adapted from Arundel Hymns.

Chorus.



1. Sta - bat Ma - ter do - lo - ro - sa Ju - xta cru - cem
2. Cu - jus a - ni - mam ge - mentem, Con - tri - sta - tam

LENT
(Blessed Virgin)



1. la - cri - mo - sa, Dum pen - de - bat Fi - li - us.
2. et do - len - tem Per - tran - si - vit gla - di - us.



- Solo.* 3. O quam tris - tis et af - fli - cta Fu - it il - la
Chorus. 4. Quæ mœre - bat et do - le - bat, Pi - a Ma - ter,



3. be - ne - di - cta Ma - ter U - ni - ge - ni - ti.
4. dum vi - de - bat Na - ti pœ - nas in - cly - ti.



- Solo.* 5. Quis est ho - mo qui non fle - ret, Matrem Christi
Solo. 7. Pro pec - ca - tis su - æ gen - tis Vi - dit Je - sum



5. si vi - de - ret In tan - to sup - pli - ci - o.
7. in tormen - tis Et fla - gel - lis sub - di - tum.



- Chorus.* 6. Quis non posset con - tri - sta - ri, Christi Matrem
Chorus. 8. Vi - dit su - um dul - cem Natum Mo - ri - en do



6. con-tem-pla-ri, Do-len-tem cum Fi-li-o.
8. de-so-la-tum, Dum e-mi-sit spi-ri-tum.]



Solo. 9. E-ia, Ma-ter, fons a-mo-ris, Me sen-ti-re



9. vim do-lo-ris Fac, ut te-cum lu-ge-am.



Chorus. 10. Fac ut ar-de-at cor me-um In a-man-do



10. Christum Deum, Ut il-li complaceam. A-men.

(Stanzas 11-20 like 1-10.)

Chorus. 11. Sancta Mater, istud agas,
Crucifixi fige plagas
Cordi meo valide.

12. Tui nati vulnerati,
Tam dignati pro me pati,
Pœnas mecum divide.

Solo. 13. Fac me tecum pie flere,
Crucifixo condolere,
Donec ego vixero.

LENT
(Blessed Virgin)

Chorus. 14. Juxta crucem tecum stare,
Et me tibi sociare
In planctu desidero.

Solo. 15. Virgo virginum præclara,
Mihi iam non sis amara;
Fac me tecum plangere.

Chorus. 16. Fac ut portem Christi mortem,
Passionis fac consortem,
Et plagas recolare.

Solo. 17. Fac me plagis vulnerari,
Fac me cruce inebriari,
Et cruore Filii.

Chorus. 18. Flammis ne urar succensus,
Per te, Virgo, sim defensus
In die iudicii.

Solo. 19. Christe, cum sit hinc exire,
Da per matrem me venire
Ad palmam victoriæ.

Chorus. 20. Quando corpus morietur,
Fac ut animæ donetur
Paradisi gloria.
Amen.

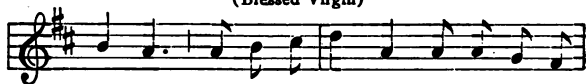
65. Recordare, Virgo, Mater Dei

Rev. C. RACKE, S. J.
(Adapted.)

Solo.

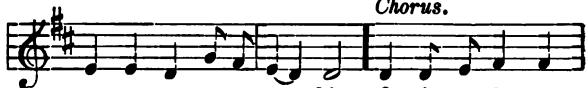
Re-cor-dare, Virgo, Mater De-i, dum ste-te-ris

in conspectu Do-mi-ni, ut lo-quaris pro no-bis



bo - na, et ut a - ver - tat in - dig - na - ti -

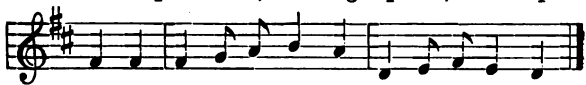
Chorus.



o - nem su - am a no - bis. O vir - go clemens,



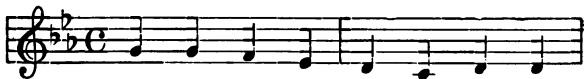
o - ra pro no - bis; O virgo pi - a, o - ra pro



no - bis; O vir - go dul - cis, o - ra pro no - bis.

*(May be sung three times in succession,
each time in a higher key.)*

66. What a Sea of Tears and Sorrows



1. What a sea of tears and sor - rows



Did the soul of Ma - ry toss



To and fro up - on its bil - lows,

LENT
(Blessed Virgin)



While she wept her bit - ter loss;



In her arms her Je - sus hold - ing,



Torn but new - ly from the Cross!

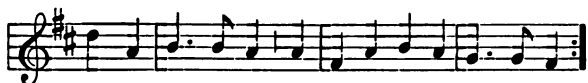
2. O that mournful Virgin Mother!
See her tears how fast they flow
Down upon His mangled Body,
Wounded Side, and thorny Brow;
While His Hands and Feet she kisses,—
Picture of unfathomed woe.
3. Oft and oft His sacred Bosom
Fondly straining to her own;
Oft her pallid lips imprinting
On each wound of her dear Son:
To the last she shared the sufferings
Of her sole-begotten One.
4. Gentle Mother, we beseech thee,
By thy tears and anguish sore,
By the death thy Son did suffer,
By the bloody wounds He bore:
Touch our hearts with that true sorrow
Which afflicted thine of yore.

EASTERTIDE

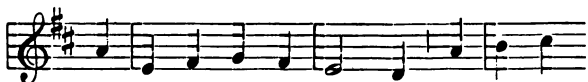
67. Alleluia! Alleluia! Surrexit nostra gloria!



1. { Al - le - lu - ia ! Al - le - lu - ia ! Sur - re - xit
Al - le - lu - ia ! Al - le - lu - ia ! Læ - ta pul -



nostra glo - ri - a ! Je - sus de - vi - cit tar - ta - ra !
sen - tur or - ga - na ! Mors jacet Je - su sub - di - ta !



Al - le - lu - ia can - ta - te, Et De - o



ju - bi - la - te In ci - tha - ris et



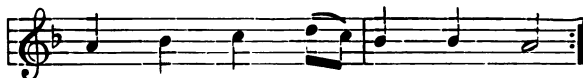
cym - ba - lis Be - ne so - nan - ti - bus.

2. Trophæa Christus explicat,
 Patrum senatum liberat,
 Mortemque morte funerat.
 Triumphe! cælum insonat,
 Mundus exsultans jubilat,
 Horrens infernus ululat.
 Triumphat victor Jesus,
 A ligno regnat Deus.
 O læta sors:
 Devicta mors!
 O festa gaudia!

**68. Cease your weeping, Friends
 of Jesus**



1. { Cease your weep - ing, friends of Je - sus,
 Past is now the hour of sor - row,



Calm your grief and dry your tears; }
 Past the night with all its fears, }



{ On this morn, with Christ re - joic - ing, }
 { Rise, and give your glad - ness voic - ing: }



Al - le - lu - ia, Je - sus lives! Je - sus lives!



Je - sus lives ! Al - le - lu - ia, Je - sus lives !

2. Smile again, ye friends of Jesus,
Let your looks with gladness glow;
Every cause of grief is vanished,
Vanished every sign of woe.
Christ has made a glorious morrow,
Triumphed over sin and sorrow.
Alleluia, Jesus lives, etc.
3. Sing His praises, friends of Jesus,
He is risen from the tomb;
Lo, He lives, He lives all-glorious,
Victor over sin and doom;
Whom we mourned in death's dark prison,
Robed in living light is risen.
Alleluia, Jesus lives, etc.
4. Lift your gaze, ye friends of Jesus,
See your Lord returned to life;
See His Wounds, now all resplendent,
Trophies of His deadly strife;
Each a bright and sparkling jewel,
To adorn His life's renewal.
Alleluia, Jesus lives, etc.
5. Live anew, ye friends of Jesus,
Christ, your life, has come again;
Let your hearts, in hope expanding,
With the risen Christ remain:
Dwell with Him, in bliss residing,
With Him make your home abiding.
Alleluia, Jesus lives, etc.

69. Pone luctum, Magdalena*(Tune as in No. 68.)*

1. Pone luctum, Magdalena,
 Et serena lacrimas;
Non iam est Simonis cena,
 Non cur fletum exprimas;
Causæ mille sunt lætandi,
Causæ mille exsultandi,
 Alleluia resonet,
 Resonet, resonet!
 Alleluia resonet!
2. Sume risum, Magdalena,
 Frons nitescat lucida:
Demigravit omnis pœna,
 Lux revertit fulgida:
Christus mundum liberavit
Et de morte triumphavit.
 Alleluia resonet, etc.
3. Gaude, plaude, Magdalena,
 Amor tuus rediit;
Tristis est peracta scena,
 Tumba Christus exiit;
Quem deflebas morientem,
Nunc arride resurgentem.
 Alleluia resonet, etc.
4. Tolle vultum, Magdalena,
 Redivivum aspice;
Vide frons quam sit amœna,
 Quinque plagas inspice:
Fulgent, en, ut margaritæ,
Ornamenta novæ vitæ.
 Alleluia resonet, etc.

5. Vive, vive, Magdalena,
 Tua lux reversa est;
 Gaudiis turgescat vena,
 Mortis vis eversa est;
 Mæsti procul sint dolores,
 Læti redeant amores.
 Alleluia resonet, etc.

70. Christ is Risen from the Dead (I)

Roman Hymnal.

1. Christ is ris - en from the dead, Ris - en
 as He tru - ly said; Praise the Lord with
 grate-ful voice, Bless His name, re-joyce, re-joyce!
 For the sheep the Lamb hath bled, Sin - less
 in the sin-ner's stead; Christ the Lord is
 ris'n on high, Now he lives, no more to die!

2. Christ, the Victim undefiled,
Man to God hath reconciled,
When in strange and awful strife
Met together Death and Life.
For the sheep, etc.
3. Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Man, who was a slave before,
Now is free for evermore.
For the sheep, etc.
4. Angels clad in snowy white,
Coming from the realms of light,
Bid us sing with grateful voice,
Bid us all rejoice, rejoice!
For the sheep, etc.

71. Christ is Risen from the Dead (II)

Roman Hymnal.



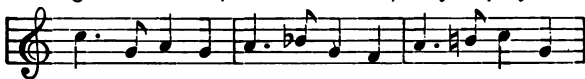
1. Christ is ris - en from the dead, Ris - en



as He tru - ly said; Praise the Lord with



grateful voice, Bless His name, re - joice, rejoice!



Re - sur-re - xit sic - ut di - xit, Al - le - lu - ia,



al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!

(Further stanzas as in preceding hymn, No. 70.
but with Refrain, "Resurrexit," etc.)

72. Christ the Lord is Risen to-day



1. Christ the Lord is risen to - day,



Al - - le - lu - ia! Sinners, wipe your



tears a - way, Al - - le - lu - ia!



Lo! He lives Who on the Cross,



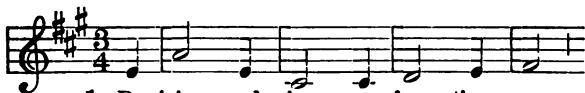
Al - - le - lu - ia! Rescued us from



end-less loss, Al - - le - lu - ia!

2. Hymns of praise then let us sing, Alleluia !
Unto Christ, our risen King, Alleluia !
Who endured the cross and grave, Alleluia !
Sinners to redeem and save, Alleluia !
3. By the pains which He endured, Alleluia !
Our salvation He procured, Alleluia !
Now He rules, Eternal King, Alleluia !
Where the angels ever sing: Alleluia !
4. Now be God the Father praised, Alleluia !
With the Son, from death upraised, Alleluia !
And the Spirit ever blest, Alleluia !
One true God, by all confessed, Alleluia !

73. Rejoice and Sing a Festive Song



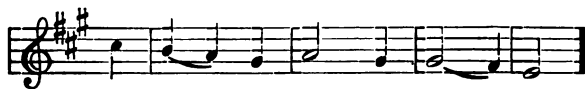
1. Re-joice, and sing a fes - tive song



To hail our King all - glo - rious,



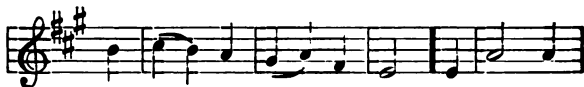
Who rose from death a Vic - tor strong,



O'er all His foes vic - to - rious !



Nor sta-tioned guard, nor seal, nor lock,



The Sa - viour could withhold; He rolled a -



way the riv - en rock, And rose as



He fore-told, And rose as He fore-told.



Al-le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia !

2. The Lord fulfilled His plighted troth,
He conquered Death and Demon;
And we who were the slaves of both,
Are ransomed now and freemen.
Ere man was yet restored to grace,
He dared not lift his eyes;
But man redeemed directs his face
Aloft to Paradise,
Aloft to Paradise,
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia !

3. We thank Thee, Christ, as best we may,
 With hearts sincere and grateful;
 For Thou alone couldst take away
 The cause that made us hateful.
 Our strength and life Thou art, O Lord;
 Be ever at our side;
 And grant that we, as our reward,
 Like Thee be glorified,
 Like Thee be glorified.
 Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

(Rev. P. J. Cormican, S. J.)

74. Rejoice and Sing in Glad Accord



Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia.

Al - le - lu - ia! 1. Re-joice and

sing in glad ac-cord! The King of Glo - ry,

Christ our Lord, Hath now from death Him-

self restored! Al - le - lu - ia!

2. Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia !
On Easter morn, at break of day,
The holy women went their way
To seek the tomb where Jesus lay.
Alleluia !
3. Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia !
A beauteous angel there they see,
Who sweetly spake to tell the three:
"Your risen Lord from death is free !"
Alleluia !
4. Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia !
For this Thine own great day of days
Our hearts and voices, Lord, we raise
To Thee in hymns of grateful praise.
Alleluia !

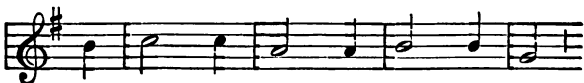
75. The Morn had Spread her Crimson Rays



1. The morn had spread her crim - son rays,



When rang the skies with shouts of praise;



Earth joined the joy - ful hymn to swell,



That brought des-pair to van-quished hell.



Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia!

2. He comes victorious from the grave,
Who died our sinful souls to save;
He brings with Him to light of day
The saints who long imprisoned lay.
Alleluia, Alleluia!
3. Let hymns of joy to grief succeed:
We know that Christ is ris'n indeed;
We hear His white-robed angel's voice,
And in our risen Lord rejoice.
Alleluia, Alleluia!
4. With Christ we died, with Christ we rose,
When at the font His name we chose;
Oh, nevermore let sin deface
Our souls enrobed in paschal grace.
Alleluia, Alleluia!

76.

Victimæ paschali laudes

Easter Sequence.
Plain Chant.



Vi-cti-mæ pascha-li lau-des im-mo-lent



Christi - a - ni. Ag-nus re-de-mit o - ves:
Mors et vi - ta du - el - lo



Christus in - no - cens Pa - tri recon - ci - li - a - vit
con - fli - xe - re mi - ran - do: dux vi - tæ mortu - us



pec - ca - to - res. Dic no - bis, Ma - ri - a,
regnat vi - vus. An - ge - li - cos tes - tes,



quid' vi - di - sti in vi - a? Se - pul - crum
su - da - ri - um et ve - stes. Sur - re - xit



Christi vi - ven - tis. et glo - ri - am vi - di
Christus, spes me - a: præ - ce - det su - os in



re - sur - gen - tis: } Scimus Christam sur - re - xis - se
Ga - li - læ - am. }



a mor-tu-is ve - re: tu no - bis, vic-tor Rex,

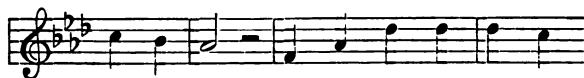


mi-se - re - re. A - men. All-le - lu - ia.

77. Welcome, Happy Morning!



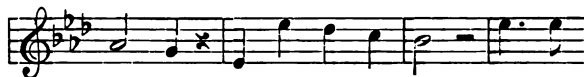
1. "Wel-come, hap-py morn-ing!" age to



age shall say; Hell to-day is vanquished,



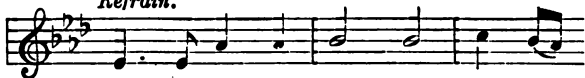
Heav'n is won to-day. Lo! the Dead is



liv-ing, God for ev-er-more; Him, their



true Cre-a-tor, all His works a-dore.

Refrain.

"Wel-come, hap - py morn - ing!" age to



age shall say; Hell to-day is vanquished,



Heav'n is won to - day. Lo! the Dead is



liv - ing, God for ev - er - more; Him, their



true Cre - a - tor, all His works a - dore.

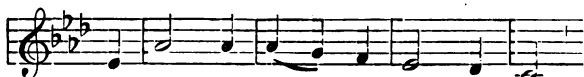
2. Earth her joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
All good gifts returning with her risen King;
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak His sorrow ended, hail His triumph now.
"Welcome, happy morning!" etc.
3. Maker and Redeemer, life and health of all,
Thou from heav'n beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.
"Welcome, happy morning!" etc.

4. Thou, of life the author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfill Thy word;
'Tis Thine own third morning: rise, O buried Lord!
"Welcome, happy morning!" etc.
5. Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's
chain,
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see,
Bring again our daylight; day returns with Thee.
"Welcome, happy morning!" etc.

78. Ye Dear-Bought Christians



1. Ye dear-bought Christians, come and sing



The pas - chal prais - es of your King,



The spot - less Lamb who paid for you



The ran - som to His Fa - ther due,



The ran - som to His Fa - ther due.



Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia!

2. For you has dawned the Lord's own day
To drive all grief and gloom away;
Your King has risen from the dead,
||: And all His foes are captive led.:||
Alleluia, Alleluia!
3. Now sin and sorrow, death and pain
On Him have spent their might in vain;
No more should they your hearts appall,
||: For Christ has overcome them all.:||
Alleluia, Alleluia!
4. With faithful heart and gladsome voice
In Christ, your risen Lord, rejoice:
For He, Whose might o'ercame the grave,
||: Will all repentant sinners save.:||
Alleluia, Alleluia!

79.

Regina cæli, lætare

Plain Chant.



1. Re-gi-na cæ-li, læ-ta - re; Al-le-lu - ia!



Qui - a quem meru - i - sti por - ta - re; Al-le-lu - ia!

EASTERTIDE
(Blessed Virgin)



Re-sur-re-xit, si-cut di-xit; Al-le-lu-ia!



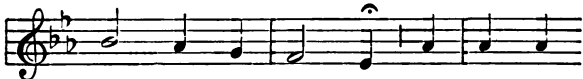
O-ra pro no-bis De-um; Al-le-lu-ia!

80.

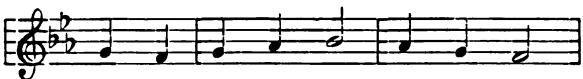
Rejoice, O Mary



1, Re-joice, O Ma-ry, heav'n-ly Queen,



Gau-de, Ma-ri-a! Thy grief is



changed to joy ser-ene; Al-le-lu-



ia! O pray for us, Ma-ri-a!

2. For He Whom thou wast called to bear,
Gaude, Maria!

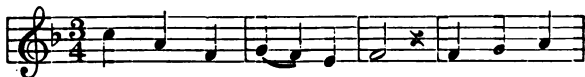
Did by His death our loss repair,
Alleluia!

O pray for us, *Maria!*

3. Thy Son has risen from the dead;
Gaude, Maria!
He rose with might, as he had said,
Alleluia!
O pray for us, *Maria!*
4. O pray to God, thou Virgin fair,
Ora, Maria!
That we in heav'n thy bliss may share,
Alleluia!
O pray for us, *Maria!*

ASCENSION

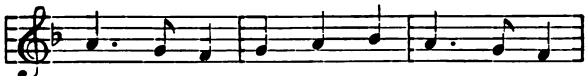
81. Rise, Glorious Victor



1. Rise, glorious Vic - tor, rise In - to Thy



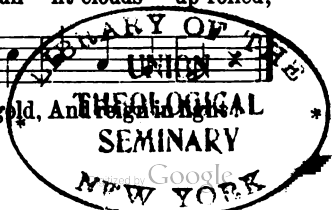
na - tive skies,—Resume Thy right;Ris-ing a -



bove the fold Of sun - lit clouds up-rolled,



Pass thro' the gates of gold, And reign in light.



2. Enter, Incarnate God,
No feet but Thine have trod
Hell's serpent down;
Let full-voiced trumpets blow,
Wider yon portals throw,
Saviour, triumphant go
And take Thy crown!
3. Lion of Judah, hail!
Let Thy great Name prevail
From age to age:
Lord of eternal years,
Claim for Thine own the spheres,
For Thou hast bought with tears
Thy heritage.
4. Jesus, ascend Thy throne!
For Thou shalt rule alone
With God Thy Sire,
And with the Paraclete,
As Triune God complete,
The King before Whose Feet
All foes expire.

82. Sing we Triumphant Hymns of Praise



1. Sing we tri - um - phant hymns of praise



To hail our Lord in fes - tive lays,



Who by a road be - fore un - trod



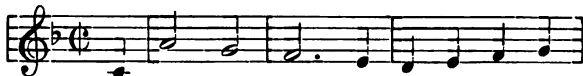
As - cend - ed to the throne of God.

2. In wond'ring awe his faithful band
Upon the Mount of Olives stand,
And with the Virgin Mother see
Their Lord ascend in majesty.
3. Then speak bright angels, drawing nigh:
"Why stand ye gazing at the sky?
This is the Saviour's triumph-day;
To His reward He went away."
4. "Returning to His heavenly throne,
He takes His kingdom for His own;
And thence again, when time shall end,
To judge the nations shall descend."
5. O risen Christ, ascended Lord,
All praise to Thee let earth accord;
Be Thou our joy and strong defense,
And our eternal recompense.

WHITSUNTIDE

(HOLY GHOST)

83. Come, Holy Ghost, descend upon Thy Children



1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, de-scend up - on Thy
2. Our falt'-ring faith do Thou sus-tain and



1. chil - dren, Be - stow Thy grace, and make us
2. strengthen; Our halt - ing hope with new-born



1. tru - ly Thine; Thy sa - cred love with-
2. life im - bue; Our lan - guid love a -



1. in our hearts en - kin - dle, And fill our
2. rouse to ho - ly ar - dor: The life of



1. spir - its with Thy gifts di - vine. }
2. grace with - in our souls re - new. }

O Lord of Grace, Who tak - est up Thy
dwell - ing In all whose souls from mor - tal
guilt are free, Oh grant that we, Thy
ho - ly presence shar - ing, May more and
more de - vote our hearts to Thee.

The musical score is written on five staves in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music consists of eighth and quarter notes, with some rests. The lyrics are: 'O Lord of Grace, Who tak - est up Thy dwell - ing In all whose souls from mor - tal guilt are free, Oh grant that we, Thy ho - ly presence shar - ing, May more and more de - vote our hearts to Thee.' The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

3. Our gloomy minds with light divine illumine;
Our wayward wills control Thou, lest they stray;
Our restless hearts fix Thou on things eternal:
Bring all our being neath Thy gentle sway.
O Lord of Grace, etc.

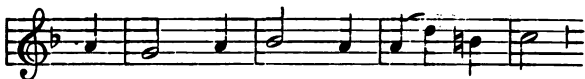
**84. Come, Holy Ghost, Thou Lord
of Grace**

1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, Thou Lord of Grace,

The musical score is written on a single staff in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music consists of eighth and quarter notes, with some rests. The lyrics are: '1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, Thou Lord of Grace,'. The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

WHITSUNTIDE
(Holy Ghost)

Come, make our hearts Thy dwell - ing - place;



For Thou the best con - so - ler art,



Who dost Thy sev - en gifts im - part:



Come, Ho - ly Ghost, fill ev' - ry heart.

2. On Thee we call, our Paraclete,
The Gift of God, with grace replete,
The Fount of Life, the Fire of Love,
And sacred Unction from above:
Come, Holy Ghost, Thou heavenly Dove.
3. Drive far away our deadly foe,
And Thine enduring peace bestow;
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide,
O'er every thought and step preside:
Come, Holy Ghost, in us abide.
4. May we through Thee the Father know,
And in our love for Jesus grow;
May we profess in steadfast creed
Thyself Who dost from Both proceed:
Come, Holy Ghost, we humbly plead.

85. Creator-Spirit, Lord of Grace

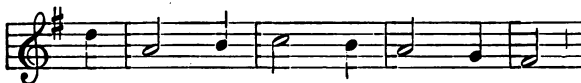
(Veni Creator Spiritus)



1. Cre - a - tor - Spi - rit, Lord of Grace,



Come, make our hearts Thy dwell - ing - place;



And fill with Thy ce - les - tial aid



Our need - y souls which Thou hast made.

2. On Thee we call, our Paraclete,
The Gift of God, with grace replete,
The Fount of Life, the Fire of Love,
And sacred Unction from above.

3. The seven gifts of grace are Thine,
Thou Finger of the Hand Divine!
The Father's promise to fulfill
The gift of tongues didst Thou instill.

4. To all our senses light impart,
And pour Thy love in ev'ry heart;
With strength and courage from on high
Our human weakness fortify.

5. Drive far away our deadly foe,
And Thine enduring peace bestow;
With Thee as guardian, Thee as guide,
No ill may come nor harm betide.
6. May we through Thee the Father know
And in our love for Jesus grow;
May we profess in steadfast creed
Thyself Who dost from Both proceed.
7. To God the Father, and the Son
Who rose from death, be homage done;
To God the Spirit equal praise
Be paid by all through endless days.

86. Holy Spirit, Lord of Light (I)

(Veni Sancte Spiritus)



1. Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord of light,



From Thy throne in splen - dor bright



Shed on us a ray di - vine;



Come, and from Thy bound - less store

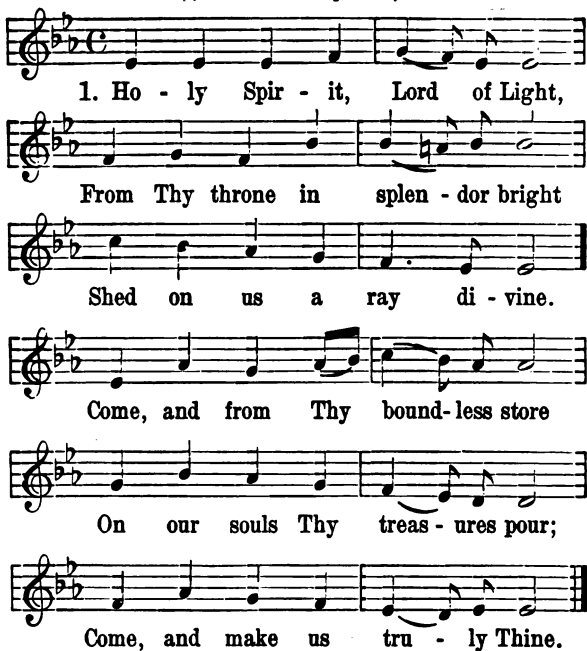


On our souls Thy treas - ures pour;



Come, and make us tru - ly Thine.

2. Thou, of all consolers best,
Thou, the soul's delightful guest,
Sweet refreshment here below;
Thou in toil art rest complete,
Pleasant coolness in the heat,
Solace in the midst of woe.
3. O Thou blesséd Light Divine,
Shine within these hearts of Thine,
And our inmost being fill !
For, without Thee, man hath nought,
Nothing good in deed or thought,
Nothing free from taint of ill.
4. Heal our wounds; our strength renew;
On our dryness pour Thy dew;
Wash our stains of guilt away;
Bend and sway our stubborn will;
From our heart remove the chill;
Guide our footsteps, when we stray.
5. Unto all Thy faithful just,
Who in Thee confide and trust,
Deign Thy seven gifts to send;
Give them virtue's blest reward;
Give them Thy salvation, Lord;
Give them joys that never end.

87. Holy Spirit, Lord of Light (II)
(*Veni Sancte Spiritus*)


1. Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord of Light,
From Thy throne in splen - dor bright
Shed on us a ray di - vine.
Come, and from Thy bound - less store
On our souls Thy treas - ures pour;
Come, and make us tru - ly Thine.

2. Thou, of all consolers best,
Thou, the soul's delightful guest,
Sweet refreshment here below;
Thou in toil art rest complete,
Pleasant coolness in the heat,
Solace in the midst of woe.

3. O Thou blessed Light Divine,
Shine within these hearts of Thine,
And our inmost being fill!
For, without Thee, man hath nought,
Nothing good in deed or thought,
Nothing free from taint of ill.
4. Heal our wounds; our strength renew;
On our dryness pour Thy dew;
Wash our stains of guilt away;
Bend and sway our stubborn will;
From our heart remove the chill;
Guide our footsteps, when we stray.
5. Unto all Thy faithful just,
Who in Thee confide and trust,
Deign Thy seven gifts to send;
Give them virtue's blest reward;
Give them Thy salvation, Lord;
Give them joys that never end.

88. Veni Creator Spiritus (I)

Plain Chant.



1. Ve - ni Cre - a - tor Spir - i - tus,
Men - tes tu - o - rum vi - si - ta,
Im - ple su - per - na gra - ti - a

WHITSUNTIDE
(Holy Ghost)



Quæ tu cre - a - sti pe - cto - ra. A - men.

2. Qui diceris Paraclitus,
Altissimi donum Dei,
Fons vivus, ignis, caritas,
Et spiritalis unctio.
3. Tu septiformis munere,
Dîgitus paternæ dexteræ,
Tu rite promissum Patris
Sermone ditans guttura.
4. Accende lumen sensibus,
Infunde amorem cordibus,
Infirma nostri corporis
Virtute firmans perpeti.
5. Hostem repellas longius,
Pacemque dones protinus;
Ductore sic te prævio
Vitemus omne noxium.
6. Per te sciamus, da, Patrem,
Noscamus atque Filium,
Teque utriusque Spiritum
Credamus omni tempore.
7. Deo Patri sit gloria,
Et Filio, qui a mortuis
Surrexit, ac Paraclito
In sæculorum sæcula.
Amen.

Ÿ. Emitte Spiritum tuum, et creabuntur.
R. Et renovabis faciem terræ.
Oremus. Deus, qui corda fidelium, etc.
R. Amen.

89. Veni Creator Spiritus (II)



1. Ve - ni Cre - a - tor Spi - ri - tus, Men -



tes tu - o - rum vi - si - ta; Im - ple su -



per - na gra - ti - a Quæ tu cre - a - sti



pe - cto - ra. A - - - men.

(Further stanzas as in No. 88.)

90. Veni Creator Spiritus (III)



1. Ve - ni Cre - a - tor Spi - ri - tus, Men -

WHITSUNTIDE
(Holy Ghost)

2. Qui diceris Paraclitus,
Altissimi donum Dei,
Fons vivus, ignis, caritas,
Et spiritalis unctio.
3. Tu septiformis munere,
Digitus paternæ dexteræ,
Tu rite promissum Patris
Sermone ditans guttura.
4. Accende lumen sensibus,
Infunde amore cordibus,
Infirma nostri corporis
Virtute firmans perpeti.
5. Hostem repellas longius,
Pacemque dones protinus;
Ductore sic te prævio
Vitemus omne noxium.
6. Per te sciamus, da, Patrem,
Noscamus atque Filium,
Teque utriusque Spiritum
Credamus omni tempore.

V. Emitte Spiritum tuum, et creabuntur.
R. Et renovabis faciem terræ.
Oremus. Deus, qui corda fidelium, etc.
R. Amen.

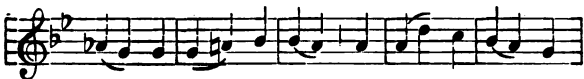
P. GRIESBACHER.



1. Ve - ni Cre - a - tor Spi - ri - tus, Men -
4. Ac - cen - de lu - men sen - si - bus, In -



1. tes tu - o - rum vi - si - ta; Im - ple su -
4. fun - de - a - mo - rem cor - di - bus, In - fir - ma



1. per - na gra - ti - a Quæ Tu cre - a - sti
4. no - stri cor - po - ris Vir - tu - te fir - mans



1. pe - cto-ra. A - - - men.
4. per - pe - ti.

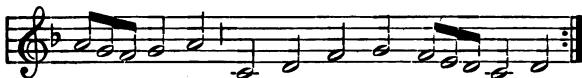
5. Hostem repellas longius,
Pacemque dones protinus;
Ductore sic te prævio
Vitemus omne noxium.
6. Per te sciamus, da, Patrem,
Noscamus atque Filium,
Teque utriusque Spiritum
Credamus omni tempore.
Amen.

92. Veni Sancte Spiritus (I)

Plain Chant.



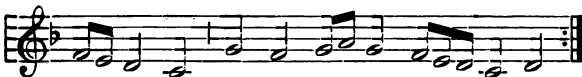
Ve - ni, San - cte Spi - ri - tus, Et e - mit - te
Ve - ni, pa - ter pau - pe - rum, Ve - ni, da - tor



cæ - li - tus Lu - cis tu - æ ra - di - um. }
mu - ne - rum, Ve - ni, lu - men cor - di - um. }



{ Con - so - la - tor op - ti - me, Dul - cis hos - pes
{ In la - bo - re re - qui - es, In æ - stu tem -



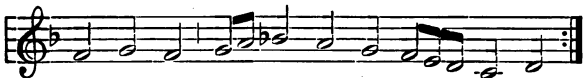
a - ni - mæ, Dul - ce re - fri - ge - ri - um. }
pe - ri - es, In fie - tu so - la - ti - um. }

WHITSUNTIDE
(Holy Ghost)

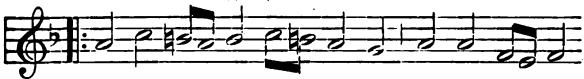
227



O lux be - a - tis - si - ma, Re - ple cor - dis
Si - ne tu - o nu - mi - ne Ni - hil est in



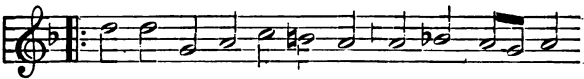
in - ti - ma Tu - o - rum fi - de - li - um. }
ho - mi - ne, Ni - hil est in - no - xi - um. }



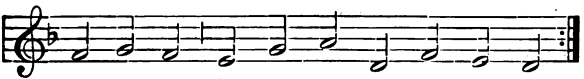
{ La - va quod est sor - di - dum, Ri - ga quod est
{ Fle - cte quod est ri - gi - dum, Fo - ve quod est



a - ri - dum, Sa - na quod est sau - ci - um. }
fri - gi - dum, Re - ge quod est de - vi - um. }



Da tu - is fi - de - li - bus In te con - fi -
Da vir - tu - tis me - ri - tum, Da sa - lu - tis



den - ti - bus Sa - crum se - pte - na - ri - um.
ex - i - tum, Da per - en - ne gau - di - um.

WHITSUNTIDE
(Holy Ghost)



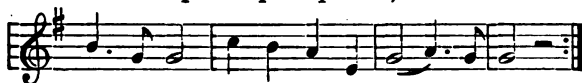
93.

Veni Sancte Spiritus (II)

P. GRIESBACHER.



Chorus. { 1. Veni San-cte Spi - ri-tus, Et e-mit-te
2. Veni pa-ter pau - pe-rum, Ve-ni da-tor



1. cæ - li - tus Lu - cis tu - æ ra - di - um. }
2. mu - ne - rum, Ve - ni lu - men cor - di - um. }



I. { 3. Con-so-la - tor o - pti - me, Dul - cis ho - spes
II. { 4. In la - bo - re re - qui - es, In . æ - stu tem -



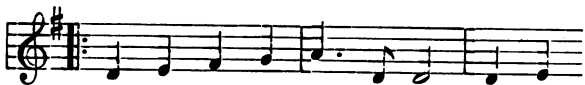
3. a - ni - mæ, Dul - ce re - fri - ge - ri - um. }
4. pe - ri - es, In fle - tu so - la - ti - um. }



I. 5. O lux be - a - tis - si - ma Re - ple cor - dis
II. 6. Si - ne tu - o nu - mi - ne Ni - hil est in



5. in - ti-ma Tu - o-rum fi - de - - li - um.)
6. ho - mi-ne, Ni - hil est in - no - - xi - um. }



- I. { 7. La - va quod est sor - di-dum, Ri - ga
II. { 8. Fle-cte quod est ri - gi-dum, Fo - ve



7. quod est a - ri - dum, Sa - na,
8. quod est fri - gi - dum, Re - ge,



7. sa - - na quod est sau - ci - um. }
8. re - - ge quod est de - vi - um. }



Chorus. 9. Da tu - is fi - de - li - bus, In te con - fi -



9. den - ti - bus, Sa - crum sep - te - na - ri - um.

WHITSUNTIDE
(Holy Ghost)



10. Da vir - tu - tis me - ri - tum, Da sa - lu - tis



10. ex - i - tum, Da pe - ren - ne gau - di -



10. um. A - men. Al - le - lu - ia.

BLESSED SACRAMENT

94.

Adoro te devote (I)



1. { A - do - ro te de - vo - te, latens De - i - tas, }
Quæ sub his fi - gu - ris ve - re la - ti - tas; }



Ti - bi se cor me - um to - tum sub - ji - cit,



Qui- a te con - tem-plans to - tum de - fi - cit.

2. Visus, tactus, gustus in te fallitur,
Sed auditu solo tuto creditur:
Credo quidquid dixit Dei Filius;
Nil hoc veritatis verbo verius.
3. In cruce latebat sola Deitas,
At hic latet simul et humanitas;
Ambo tamen credens atque confitens,
Peto quod petivit latro pœnitens.
4. Plagas, sicut Thomas, non intueor,
Deum tamen meum te confiteor;
Fac me tibi semper magis credere,
In te spem habere, te diligere.
5. O memoriale mortis Domini,
Panis vivus, vitam præstans homini:
Præsta meæ menti de te vivere,
Et te illi semper dulce sapere.
6. Pie pelicane, Jesu Domine,
Me immundum munda tuo sanguine,
Cuius una stilla salvum facere
Totum mundum quit ab omni scelere.
7. Jesu, quem velatum nunc aspicio,
Oro fiat illud quod tam sitio;
Ut te revelata cernens facie,
Visu sim beatus tuæ gloriæ.

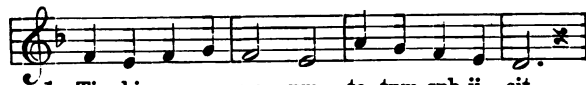
95. Adoro te devote (II)



1. A-do-ro te de-vo - te, la-tens De-i - tas,
2. Vi-sus, tactus, gus-tus in te fal-li-tur,



1. Quæ sub his fi - gu - ris ve - re la - ti - tas;
2. Sed au - di - tu so - lo tu - to cre - di - tur;



1. Ti - bi se cor me - um to - tum sub-ji - cit,
2. Cre-do quidquid di - xit De - i Fi - li - us;



1. Qui - a te contemplans to - tum de - fi - cit.
2. Nil hoc ve - ri - ta - tis ver - bo ve - ri - us.

3. In cruce latebat sola Deitas,
At hic latet simul et humanitas;
Ambo tamen credens atque confitens,
Peto quod petivit latro pœnitens.

4. Plagas, sicut Thomas, non intueor,
Deum tamen meum te confiteor;
Fac me tibi semper magis credere,
In te spem habere, te diligere.

5. O memoriale mortis Domini,
Panis vivus, vitam præstans homini:
Præsta meæ menti de te vivere,
Et te illi semper dulce sapere.
6. Pie pelicane, Jesu Domine,
Me immundum munda tuo sanguine,
Cuius una stilla salvum facere
Totum mundum quit ab omni scelere.
7. Jesu, quem velatum nunc aspicio,
Oro fiat illud quod tam sitio:
Ut te revelata cernens facie,
Visu sim beatus tuæ gloriæ.

96. Adoro te devote (III)

E. FREY.



1. A-do-ro te de-vo-te, la-tens De-i-tas,
2. O pi-e pe-li-ca-ne, Je-su Do-mi-ne,



1. Quæ sub his fi-gu-ris ve-re la-ti-tas;
2. Me im-mundum munda tu-o san-gui-ne,

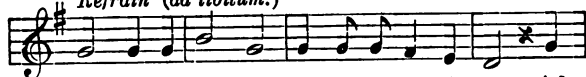


1. Ti-bi se cor me-um to-tum sub-ji-cit
2. Cu-ius u-na stil-la salvum fa-ce-re

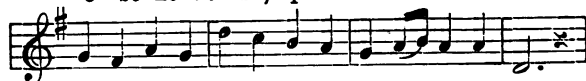


1. Qui - a te con-tem-plans to-tum de - fi - cit.
2. To-tum mundum quit ab om - ni sce - le - re.

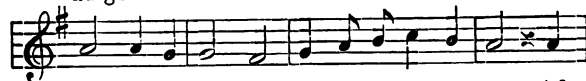
Refrain (ad libitum.)



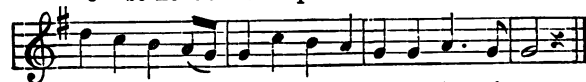
O bo-ne Je - su, pa-stor fi-de - li - um: Ad -



au-ge fi-dem o-mnium in Te cre-den-ti - um;



O bo-ne Je - su pa-stor fi-de - li - um: Ad -



au-ge fi - dem o-mni-um in Te cre-den - ti - um.

3. O Jesu, quem velatum nunc aspicio,
Oro fiat illud quod tam sitio:
Ut te revelata cernens facie,
Visu sim beatus tuæ gloriæ.
O bone Jesu, etc.

97.

Humbly I Adore Thee

E. FREY.



1. Hum-bly I a-dore Thee, hidden De - i - ty,



Which beneath these forms art here concealed from me;

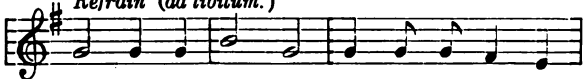


All my heart sub-mits to Thy most ho - ly sway,

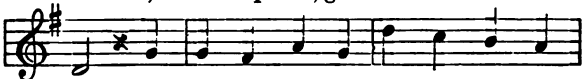


For in musing on Thy love it faints a-way.

Refrain (ad libitum.)



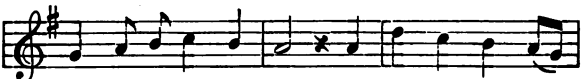
Je - sus, Good Shepherd, grant what we now im -



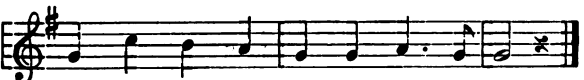
plore: That we may grow in faith and hope, and



love Thee more and more; Je - sus, Good Shepherd,



grant what we now implore: That we may grow in



faith and hope, and love Thee more and more.

2. Taste and touch and vision all are here deceived,
But the hearing only may be well believed; ;
All that Christ has spoken I accept in sooth,
For no word is truer than the word of Truth.
Jesus, Good Shepherd, etc.
3. On the Cross Thy Godhead was alone concealed,
Here not e'en Thy Manhood is to sight revealed;
Both in faith embracing, I profess belief,
And implore Thy favor with the contrite thief.
Jesus, Good Shepherd, etc.
4. I do not, like Thomas, see Thy Wounds appear,
Yet by faith I own that Thou my God art here;
Make this faith forever in my soul increase,
Make my hope and loving grow and never cease.
Jesus, Good Shepherd, etc.
5. O Thou blest Memorial of my dying Lord,
Wondrous Bread, that livest and dost life afford:
Let my hungry spirit feed on Thee alone,
And my heart forever but Thy sweetness own.
Jesus, Good Shepherd, etc.
6. Pelican most tender, Jesus, Lord and God,
Wash my soul's defilement in Thy sacred Blood;
In Thy Blood, so precious, that one drop alone
Could for all offences of the world atone.
Jesus, Good Shepherd, etc.
7. Jesus, Whom but hidden I can now behold.
Grant the gift I long for with desire untold:
That in bliss unending I may see Thy face,
And may share Thy glory through Thy saving grace.
Jesus, Good Shepherd, etc.

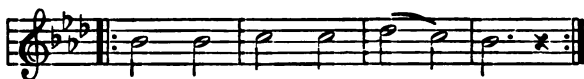
98. Adoro te, O panis cælicæ (I)



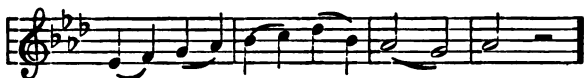
1. A - do - ro te, O pa - nis cæ - li - ce !
 2. Nos fa - mu - los, O De - us, re - spi - ce,



1. O Do - mi - ne ! O De - us ma - xi - me !
 2. Et gra - ti - a nos semper re - fi - ce. }



San - ctus, San - ctus, San - ctus !



Si - ne - fi - ne San - ctus !

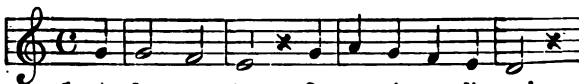


Sem - per ti - bi glo - ri - a



Sa - cra sit sub ho - sti - a !

99. Adoro te, O panis cælie (II)



1. A - do - ro - te, O pa - nis cæ - li - ce!
 2. Nos fa - mu - los, O De - us, re - spi - ce,



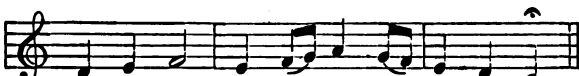
1. O Do - mi - ne! O De - us ma - xi - me!
 2. Et gra - ti - a nos semper re - fi - ce.)



San - ctus, San - ctus, San - ctus! Si - ne



fi - ne San - ctus! Sem - per ti - bi



glo - ri - a Sa - cra sit sub ho - sti - a!

(After Holy Communion)

100. Ad quem diu suspiravi.

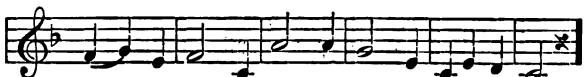
C. JASPERS.



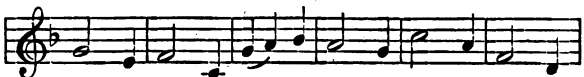
1. Ad quem di - u su - spi - ra - vi, Je - sum
 2. Fe - lix di - es, fe - lix ho - ra, Qua me,



1. tan-dem ha - be - o; Hunc am - ple - ctor
2. Je - su, vi - si - tas; Pul - chra ni - mis



1. quem o - pta - vi, Quem o - pta - vi te - ne - o.
2. et de - co - ra Lux ad me quæ pro - pe - ras.



1. Om - nes me - æ ex - sul - ta - te, Fa - cul - ta - tes
2. O vo - lup - tas cor - dis me - i, Je - su di - lec -



1. a - ni - mæ. Ex - sul - ta - te, tri - um - pha - te,
2. tis - si - me! In me re - gna, Fi - li De - i,



1. Et in - gres - so plau - di - te, Ex - sul - ta - te,
2. Reg - na, reg - na li - be - re! In me reg - na,



1. tri - um - pha - te, Et in - gres - so plau - di - te.
2. Fi - li De - i, Reg - na, reg - na li - be - re!

BLESSED SACRAMENT
(After Holy Communion)

3. In me proprium amorem
 Tam potenter eneces,
 Ut te amem et adorem
 Solum sicut dignus es.
 In me tolle quod est puris
 Grave tuis oculis,
 ¶: Ut sic arctius venturis
 Tibi jungar sæculis. :¶

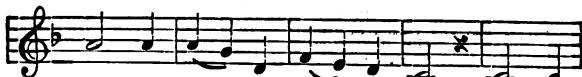
4. Canam donec respirabo
 Gratiarum cantica;
 Millies hæc iterabo
 In cælesti patria,
 Quando te, remoto velo,
 Sicut es aspiciam,
 ¶: Et cum angelis in cælo
 In æternum diligam. :¶

101. He for Whom I long was yearning

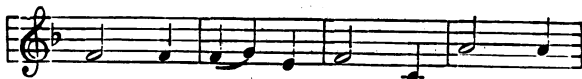
C. JASPERS.



1. He for Whom I long was yearn - ing,



Je - sus is my own at last; He for



Whom my heart was burn - ing, Deigns to

BLESSED SACRAMENT
(After Holy Communion)

141



be my soul's re - past. All my pow - ers,



now re - joic - ing, Wel - come Him in



sweet ac-cord. All my pow - ers, now re -



joic - ing, Wel-come Him in sweet ac - cord;



And in song your rap - ture voic - ing,

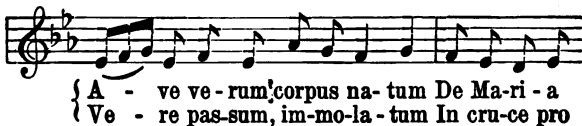


Of - fer prais - es to your Lord.

BLESSED SACRAMENT
(After Holy Communion)

2. Blissful day and blissful hour
 When my Saviour is my guest;
 When His grace with wondrous power
 Works unseen within my breast.
 How, O Lord, can I repay Thee
 For this gift of love divine?
 How, O Lord, can I repay Thee
 For this gift of love divine?
 Let me serve Thee and obey Thee,—
 Freely reign o'er all that's mine.
3. While with life my heart is beating,
 Ceaseless hymns of praise I'll pour;
 Still I'll sing in heaven repeating
 Hymns from never-failing store,
 When my vision, veiled no longer,
 All Thy beauty will behold;
 When my vision, veiled no longer,
 All Thy beauty will behold;
 And my love, grown strong and stronger,
 Thee will own in bliss untold.

102. Ave verum corpus (I)





ra - tum Flu - xit a - qua et
sta - tum Mor - tis in ex -



san-gui - ne: } { O Je - su dul - cis, }
a - mi - ne. } { O Je - su pi - e, }



O Je - su, fi - li Ma - ri - æ.

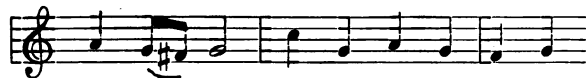
103.

Ave verum corpus (II)

Roman Hymnal.




1. A - ve ve - rum cor - pus na - tum De Ma - ri - a
2. Cu - ius la - tus per - fo - ra - tum Flu - xit aqua et




1. Vir - gi - ne; Ve - re pas - sum, im - mo -
2. san - gui - ne: Es - to no - bis præ - gu -



1. la - tum In cru - ce pro ho - mi - ne.
2. sta - tum Mor - tis in ex - a - mi - ne.



O cle-mens, O pi - e, O dul - cis,



dul - cis Je - su, Je - su, Fi - li Ma - ri - æ.

104. Ave vivens hostia



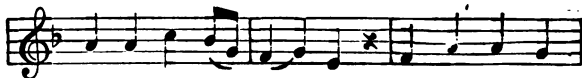
1. A - ve vi - vens ho - sti - a, Ve - ri - tas et
2. A - ve, Manna cæ - li - cum, Ve - ri - us le -



1. Vi - ta, Per te sa - cri - fi - ci - a Cun - cta
2. ga - li, Da - tum in vi - a - ti - cum Mi - se -



1. sunt fi - ni - ta; Per te Pa - tri glo - ri - a
2. ro mor - ta - li; Me - di - camen my - sti - cum



1. Da - tur in - fi - ni - ta, Per te stat Ec -
2. Mor - bo spi - ri - ta - li, Ro - rem dans ca -



1. cle - si - a Ju - gi - ter mu - ni - ta.
 2. tho - li - cum Vi - tæ im - mor - ta - li.

3. Ave, Vas clementiæ,
 Scrinium dulcoris,
 In quo sunt deliciæ
 Cælici saporis;
 Veritas substantiæ
 Tota Salvatoris;
 Sacramentum gratiæ,
 Pabulum amoris.

4. Vita, salus, gaudium,
 Spes universorum,
 Tu merces et præmium,
 Salus beatorum,
 Tibi laudes omnium
 Corda devotorum
 Concinnunt in sæcula
 Sæculorum. Amen.

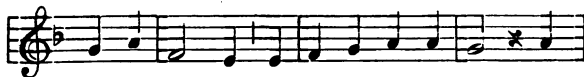
(Before Holy Communion)

105.

Desidero, mi Jesu

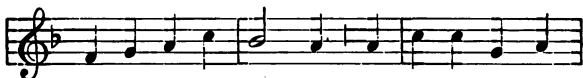


1. De - si - de - ro, mi Je - su, Hoc An - ge -
 2. Hic ci - bus nu - tri - men - tum, Hic po - tus



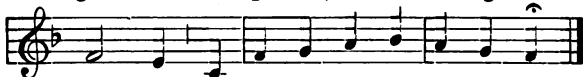
1. lo - rum e - su Ut me re - fi - ci - as. Fac,
 2. a - li - men - tum Sit me - æ a - ni - mæ; Det

BLESSED SACRAMENT
(Before Holy Communion)



1. Je - su mi be - ni - gne, Ac - ce - dam sem - per

2. gra - ti - am dum spi - ro, Sit in a - go - ne



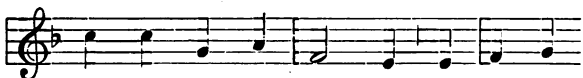
1. di - gne Ad has di - vi - nas e - pu - las.

2. di - ro Pi - gnus fu - tu - ræ glo - ri - æ.

106. O Food, the Pilgrim Needeth



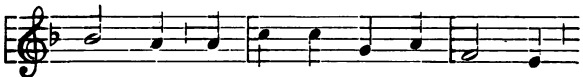
1. O Food the pil - grim need - eth, O



Bread which an - gels feed - eth O Man - na



from a - bove! The souls that hun - ger



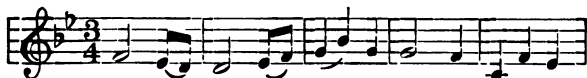
feed Thou, The hearts that seek Thee lead Thou



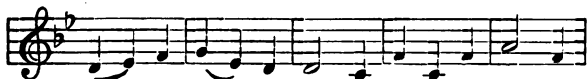
With Thy most sweet and ten - der love.

2. O fount of love redeeming,
 O River ever streaming
 From Jesus' sacred Side:
 Come Thou, Thyself bestowing
 On thirsty souls, and flowing
 Until they all are satisfied.
3. Jesus, this feast receiving,
 Thy word of truth believing,
 We Thee unseen adore.
 Grant, when the veil is rended,
 That we to heaven ascended,
 May gaze on Thee for evermore.

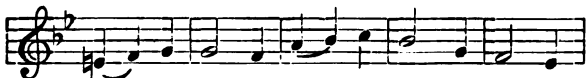
107. Ecce panis angelorum



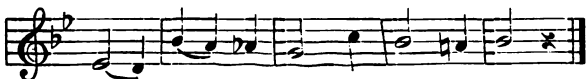
1. Ec - ce pa - nis an - ge - lo - rum, Fac - tus



ci - bus vi - a - to - rum, Ve - re pa - nis



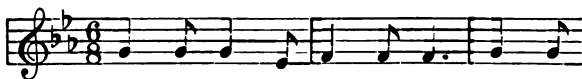
fi - li - o - rum, Non mit - ten - dus ca - ni -



bus, non mit - ten - dus ca - ni - bus.

2. Bone pastor, panis vere,
Jesu, nostri miserere;
Tu nos pasce, nos tuere,
Tu nos bona fac videre
In terra viventium.
3. Tu qui cuncta scis et vales,
Qui nos pascis hic mortales,
Tuos ibi commensales,
Cohæredes et sodales
Fac sanctorum civium.

(Before Holy Communion)

108. Jesus, Jesus, come to me

1. { Je - sus, Je - sus, come to me, Oh how
Come Thou Friend, of friends the best, Take pos-



- much I long for Thee! } {Com - fort my poor
ses - sion of my breast. } {Come and dwell with-



- soul distressed, } Dear - est Lord, I long for
in my breast; }



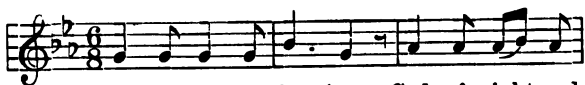
- Thee, Je - sus, Je - sus, come to me!

2. Empty is all worldly joy,
Ever mixed with some alloy;
Thou alone canst sate my heart,
Thou alone true joy impart.
Comfort my poor soul, etc.

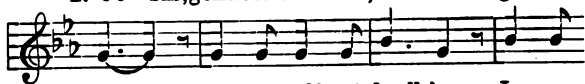
3. On the Cross three hours for me
Thou didst hang in agony;
I to Thee my heart resign,—
Jesus, be Thou ever mine.
Comfort my poor soul, etc.

(After Holy Communion)

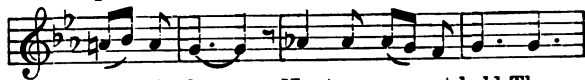
109. Jesus, Gentlest Saviour



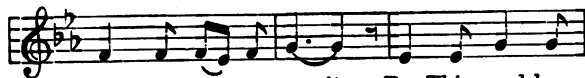
1. Je - sus, gentlest Sav-iour, God of might and



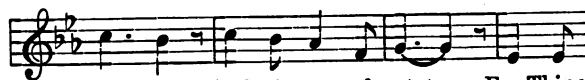
pow'r: Thou Thyself art dwell-ing In us



at this hour; Na-ture can-not hold Thee,



Heav'n is all too strait For Thine end-less



glo - ry And Thy roy - al state, For Thine

BLESSED SACRAMENT
(After Holy Communion)



end - less glo - ry And Thy roy - al state.

2. Out beyond the shining
 Of the farthest star
 Thou art ever stretching
 Infinitely far.
 Yet the hearts of children
 Hold what worlds cannot,
 : And the God of wonders
 Loves that lowly spot. :||

3. Oh, how can we thank Thee
 For a gift like this,
 Gift that truly maketh
 Heaven's eternal bliss!
 Ah! when wilt Thou always
 Make our hearts Thy home?
 : We must wait for heaven,—
 Then the day will come. :||

4. Now at least we'll hold Thee
 All the time we may;
 Let Thy grace and blessing
 Ever with us stay.
 When our hearts Thou leavest,
 Worthless though they be,
 : Give them to Thy Mother,
 To be kept for Thee. :||

110. Jesus, my Lord, my God, my All



1. { Je - sus, my Lord, my God, my All,
And how re - vere Thy won-drous gift,



How can I love Thee as I ought? }
So far sur-pass - ing hope or thought? }



Je - sus, my Lord, I Thee a - dore;



Oh, make me love Thee more and more,



Oh, make me love Thee more and more.

2. Had I but Mary's sinless heart,
With it to love Thee, dearest King!
Oh, with what bursts of fervent praise,
Jesus, Thy goodness would I sing!
Jesus, my Lord, etc.

3. Here Thou art with us, dearest Lord,
 Ever our guest and food to be;
 Strengthen the faith of loving hearts
 Who put their hope and trust in Thee.
 Jesus, my Lord, etc.
4. Calv'ry's redeeming sacrifice
 Daily for us dost Thou renew;
 May I at this most holy rite
 Love to assist with fervor due.
 Jesus, my Lord, etc.

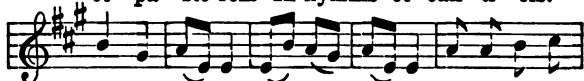
111. Lauda, Sion, Salvatorem (I)



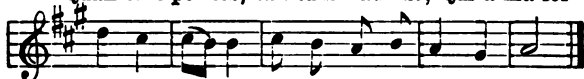
1. Lau-da, Si-on, Sal-va - torem, Lauda ducem



et pa - sto-rem In hymnis et can - ti - cis:



Quan-tum po-tes, tan-tum au-de, Qui-a ma-ior



om-ni lau-de, Nec lau-da-re suf - fi - cis.

2. Laudis thema specialis,
 Panis vivus et vitalis
 Hodie proponitur;
 Quem in sacræ mensa cœnæ
 Turbæ fratrum duodenæ
 Datum non ambigitur.

3. Sit laus plena, sit sonora,
 Sit jucunda, sit decora
 Mentis jubilatio.
 In hac mensa novi Regis,
 Novum Pascha novæ legis
 Phase vetus terminat.
4. Dogma datur Christianis,
 Quod in carnem transit panis,
 Et vinum in sanguinem.
 Quod non capis, quod non vides,
 Animosa firmat fides,
 Præter rerum ordinem.

112. Lauda, Sion, Salvatorem (II)



1. Lau-da, Si-on, Sal-va-to-rem, Lau-da du-cem



et pa-sto-rem In hym-nis et can-ti-cis:



Quantum po-tes, tan-tum au-de, Qui-a ma-ior



om-ni lau-de, Nec lau-da-re suf-fi-cis.

(Further stanzas as in No. 111.)

113.

O Esca viatorum



1. O es-ca vi-a-to-rum, O pa-nis An-ge-lo-rum, O man-na cœ-li-tum: E-su-ri-en-tes ci-ba, Dul-ce-di-ne non pri-va, Cor-da quæ-ren-ti - um, Cor-da quæ-ren-ti-um.

2. O lympha, fons amoris,
 Qui puro Salvatoris
 E corde profluis:
 Te sitientes pota,
 Hæc sola nostra vota,
 His una sufficis,
 His una sufficis.

3. O Jesu, tuum vultum,
 Quem colimus occultum
 Sub panis specie:
 Fac, ut remoto velo,
 Post libera in cælo
 Cernamus acie,
 Cernamus acie.

114.0 Food that Way-worn Pilgrims love



1. O Food that way-worn pil - grims love,



O Bread of An - gel - hosts a - bove, O



Man - na of the Saints! The hun - gry



soul would feed on Thee, Nor may the



heart un - sol - aced be Which for Thy



sweetness faints, Which for Thy sweetness faints.

2. O Fount of love, O cleansing Tide,
Which from the Saviour's piercéd Side
And Sacred Heart dost flow!
Be ours to drink from Thy pure rill,
Which can alone our spirits fill,
¶: And all we need bestow. :||

3. Lord Jesus, Whom by pow'r divine
 Now hidden neath the outward sign,
 We worship and adore:
 Grant, when the veil away is rolled,
 With open face we may behold
 :: Thyself for evermore. ::

115.

O Hidden God

J. G. H.



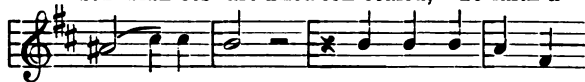
1. O Hid-den God, de-vout-ly un-to Thee



Bends my a-do-ring knee; Neath low-ly



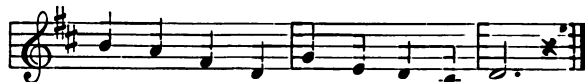
sem-blan-ces art Thou con-cealed, To faith a-



lone re-vealed; Fain would my spir-it



sound the mys-te-ry, But fails, and



faints a-way, and yields it-self to Thee.

2. Thy sacred Wounds I see not glorified
In Hands and Feet and Side;
And yet with Thomas unto Thee I call:
"My Lord, my God, my All!"
Increase my faith, fix all my hopes on Thee,
And bind my heart to Thine in deathless charity.
3. For me, dear Pelican, Thy Bosom bled,
For me Thy Blood was shed;
All stained and sinful though my life has been,
Thy Blood can make me clean,—
Thy precious Blood whereof one drop could win
Most ample pardon for a thousand worlds of sin.
4. O Jesus, Whom by faith I now descry
Shrouded from mortal eye,
When wilt Thou slake the thirsting of my heart
To see Thee as Thou art,
Face unto Face in all Thy bright array,
To share the glory of that everlasting day.

(Before Holy Communion)

116. O Lord, I am not Worthy

1. O Lord I am not wor - thy That



Thou shouldst come to me; But speak the word of



com - fort,—My spir - it healed shall be.

BLESSED SACRAMENT
(Before Holy Communion)

2. And humbly I'll receive Thee,
The Bridegroom of my soul;
||: No more by sin to grieve Thee,
Or fly Thy sweet control. :||
3. Increase my faith, dear Jesus,
In Thy real presence here,
||: And make me feel most deeply
That Thou to me art near. :||
4. My hope in Thee now strengthen,
O Saviour of my soul,
||: Lest by temptation blinded,
I turn from my true goal. :||
5. And let me love Thee only
With all my heart and mind;
||: In Thee alone my spirit,
True rest and joy can find. :||
6. O Sacrament most holy,
O Sacrament divine,
||: All praise and all thanksgiving
Be ev'ry moment thine. :||

117. Pange lingua gloriosi Corporis

Plain Chant.



- | | |
|---------------------------------|-----------------|
| 1. Pan-ge lin-gua glo-ri-o - si | Cor-po-ris mys- |
| 2. No-bis da-tus, no-bis na-tus | Ex in-ta-cta |



- | | |
|---------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. te-ri-um, | San-gui-nis-que pre-ti-o - si, |
| 2. Vir-gi-ne, | Et in mun-do con-ver-sa-tus, |



1. Quem in mun-di pre-ti-um, Fructus ven-tris
 2. Spar-so ver-bi se-mi-ne, Su-i mo-ras



1. ge-ne-ro-si, Rex ef-fu-dit gen-ti-um. A - men.
 2. in-co-la-tus Mi-ro clausit or-di-ne.

3. In supremæ nocte cœnæ
 Recumbens cum fratribus,
 Observata lege plene
 Cibis in legalibus,
 Cibum turbæ duodenæ
 Se dat suis manibus.
4. Verbum caro, panem verum
 Verbo carnem efficit;
 Fitque sanguis Christi merum:
 Et si sensus deficit,
 Ad firmandum cor sincerum
 Sola fides sufficit.
5. Tantum ergo Sacramentum
 Veneremur cernui:
 Et antiquum documentum
 Novo cedat ritui:
 Præstet fides supplementum
 Sensuum defectui.

6. Genitori Genitoque
 Laus et jubilatio;
 Salus, honor, virtus quoque
 Sit et benedictio:
 Procedenti ab utroque
 Compar sit laudatio.
 Amen.

118.

Panis Angelicus



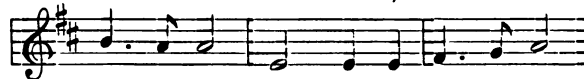
1. Pa - nis an - ge - li - cus fit pa - nis
 2. Te, tri - na De - i - tas u - na - que



1. ho - mi-num, Dat pa - nis cæ - li - cus
 2. po - sci-mus, Sic nos tu vi - si - ta,



1. fi - gu - ris ter - mi-num. O res mi -
 2. sic - ut te co - li-mus; Per tu - as



1. ra - bi - lis! man - du - cat Do - mi-num
 2. se - mi - tas duc nos quo ten - di-mus



1. Pau - per, ser - vus, et hu - mi - lis.
 2. Ad lu - cem quam in - ha - bi - tas.

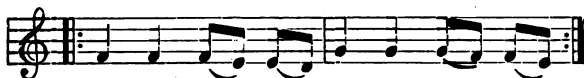
119. Praise, my soul, thy Lord and Master (I)



1. {Praise, my soul, thy Lord and Mas-ter,}
{Praise thy Sav-iour, praise thy Pas-tor,}



Of - fer Him thy choic - est lays;



{All thou canst do, do it bold - ly,}
{E'en thy best will praise but cold - ly,}



Him Who far ex - ceeds all praise.

2. Oh, what love beyond all telling
He has shown Who, with us dwelling,
Deigns our bidding guest to be!
Sing we then in grateful chorus
To our God Whom here before us
In the sacred Host we see.

3. What Christ did, at Supper seated,
He ordained to be repeated,
To recall His love divine;
Taught by holy revelation,
We the host of our salvation
Consecrate from bread and wine.

4. O Good Shepherd, deign to lead us
 To Thy pastures, there to feed us
 With Thy Manna from on high;
 In Thy mercy, pray, befriend us,
 In Thy might from foes defend us,
 Thine unfailing aid supply.
5. Thou Who all canst do and knowest,
 Who on us Thy love bestowest,
 Keep us neath Thy shelt'ring care;
 Grant us pilgrims, homeward wending,
 With Thy Saints in bliss unending
 Thy celestial Feast to share.

**120. Praise, my Soul, thy Lord
 and Master (II)**



1. { Praise, my soul, thy Lord and Mas - ter,
 { All thou canst do, do it bold - ly;



Praise thy Sav - iour, praise thy Pas - tor, Of - fer
 E'en thy best will praise but cold - ly Him Who



Him thy choic - est lays.
 far ex - | ceeds all praise.



With Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim



We sing Thy praise, Lord Je - sus.

2. Oh, what love beyond all telling
He has shown Who, with us dwelling,
Deigns our bidding guest to be!
Sing we then in grateful chorus
To our God Whom here before us
In the sacred Host we see.
3. What Christ did, at Supper seated,
He ordained to be repeated,
To recall His love divine;
Taught by holy revelation,
We the host of our salvation
Consecrate from bread and wine.
4. O Good Shepherd, deign to lead us
To Thy pastures, there to feed us
With Thy Manna from on high;
In Thy mercy, pray, befriend us,
In Thy might from foes defend us,
Thine unfailing aid supply.
5. Thou Who all canst do and knowest,
Who on us Thy love bestowest,
Keep us neath Thy shelt'ring care;
Grant us pilgrims, homeward wending,
With Thy Saints in bliss unending
Thy celestial Feast to share.

121. Praise ye the Lord



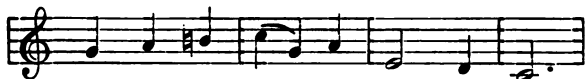
1. Praise ye the Lord, an - gel - ic choirs!



Kneel to His Name, ye hosts of hell!



Chil-dren of men, with lutes and lyres



Sing to His Son: Em-man-u-el!



Chant Him a song, Tune-ful and strong;



Or-gan and bell, the strain pro-long!

2. High on His throne is God the Son,
Robed as in light is Christ our King;
Angels proclaim His battles won,
Numberless Saints His glory sing;
And in degree
Jubilant we
Chant to His name right loyally.

3. Food of my soul, and Fount of health!
 Bulwark of strength against my foes!
 Better art Thou than rank or wealth,
 Better than all that earth bestows.
 Banquet divine,
 Heavenly Wine,
 Make of my soul a sacred shrine.

4. Enter my home, though poor it be;
 Under my roof prepare a throne;
 Deck it with faith and purity,
 Keep it for Thee, and Thee alone.
 Living on Thee,
 Surely I'll be
 Blessed throughout eternity.

(P. J. C.)

122.

Sing, my Tongue, the
 Saviour's Glory



1. { Sing, my tongue, the Sav- iour's glo - ry,
 Of the Blood all price ex - ceed - ing,



Of His Flesh the mys - t'ry sing;}
 Shed by our im - mor - tal King.)



Men and an - gels, sing in chor - us,



And a - dor - ing bend the knee!



Praise our God Whom here be - fore us

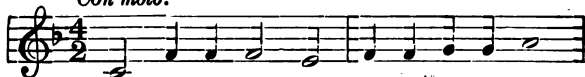


In the sa - cred Host we see.

2. Of a pure and spotless virgin
Born for us on earth below,
He as man with man conversing
Stayed the seeds of truth to sow.
Men and angels, etc.
3. On the night of His last supper,
Seated with His chosen band,
He as food to all His brethren
Gave Himself with His own Hand.
Men and angels, etc.
4. While we bow in adoration,
Let our hearts His gift revere;
Faith, her aid to vision lending,
Tells that He unseen is here.
Men and angels, etc.

123. Soul of my Saviour (I)

Fr. MAHER S. J.

Con moto.

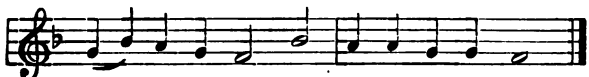
1. Soul of my Sav-iour, sanc-ti-fy my breast;



Bo-dy of Je-sus, be my sav-ing guest;



Blood of my Sav-iour, bathe me in thy tide.



Wash me, ye wa-ters, gushing from His side.

2. Strength and protection may His Passion be;
O blessed Jesus, hear and answer me;
Deep in Thy Wounds, Lord, hide and shelter me;
Grant I may never, never part from Thee.
3. Guard and defend me from the foe malign;
In death's drear moments make me only Thine;
Call me and bid me come to Thee on high,
There with Thy Blessed Thee to glorify.

124. Soul of my Saviour (II)

Roman Hymnal.



1. Soul of my Sav-iour, sanc-ti-fy my breast;



Bo - dy of Je - sus, be my sav - ing guest;



Blood of my Sav - iour, bathe me in Thy tide;



Wash me, ye wa - ters gush - ing from His side.

2. Strength and protection may His passion be;
O blessed Jesus, hear and answer me;
Deep in Thy Wounds, Lord, hide and shelter me;
Grant I may never, never part from Thee.
3. Guard and defend me from the foe malign;
In death's drear moments make me only Thine;
Call me and bid me come to Thee on high,
There with Thy Blessed Thee to glorify.

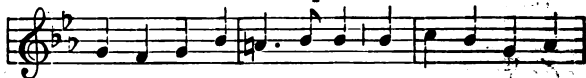
125.

O salutaris hostia (I)



1. O sa - lu - ta - ris ho - sti - a, Quæ

2. U - ni tri - no - que Do - mi - no Sit



1. cæ - li pan - dis o - sti - um: Bel - la præmunt ho -

2. sem - pi - ter - na glo - ri - a; Qui vi - tam si - ne



1. sti - li - a, Da ro - bur, fer au - xi - li - um.
 2. ter - mi - no No - bis do - net in pa - tri - a.

126. O salutaris hostia (II)



1. O sa - lu - ta - ris ho - sti - a, Quæ cæ - li
 2. U - ni tri - no - que Do - mi - no Sit sem - pi -



1. pan - dis o - sti - um; Bel - la pre - munt ho -
 2. ter - na glo - ri - a; Qui vi - tam si - ne



1. sti - li - a, Da ro - bur, fer au - xi - li - um.
 2. ter - mi - no No - bis do - net in pa - tri - a.

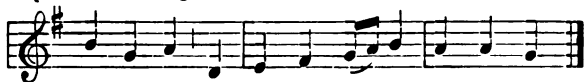
127. O salutaris hostia (III)



1. O sa - lu - ta - ris ho - sti - a, Quæ cæ - li
 2. U - ni tri - no - que Do - mi - no Sit sem - pi -



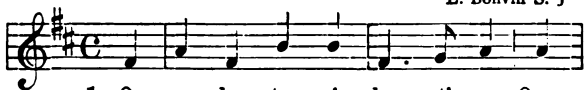
1. pan-dis o - sti - um; Bel - la pre-munt ho -
 2. ter - na glo - ri - a; Qui vi - tam si - ne



1. sti - li - a, Da - ro - bur, fer au - xi - li - um.
 2. ter-mi-no No - bis do - net in pa - tri - a.

128. O salutaris hostia (IV)

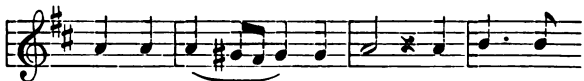
L. Bonvin S. J



1. O sa - lu - ta - ris ho - sti - a, Quæ
 2. U - ni tri - no - que Do - mi - no Sit



1. cæ - li pan-dis o - sti - um, Quæ cæ - li
 2. sem-pi - ter - na glo - ri - a, Sit sem - pi -



1. pan-dis o - - sti - um: Bel - la pre -
 2. ter - na glo - - ri - a; Qui vi - tam



1. munt ho - sti - li - a, Da ro - bur, fer au -
 2. si - ne ter - mi - no No - bis do - net in



1. xi - li - um, au - xi - li - um.
2. pa - tri - a, in pa - tri - a.

129. O salutaris hostia (V)



1. O sa-lu - ta - ris ho - sti - a, Quæ cæ - li
2. U - ni tri - no - que Do - mi - no Sit sem - pi -



1. pan - dis o - sti - um: Bel - la premunt ho -
2. ter - na glo - ri - a; Qui vi - tam si - ne

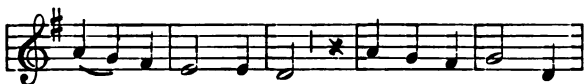


1. sti - li - a, Da ro - bur, fer au - xi - li - um.
2. ter - mi - no No - bis do - net in pa - tri - a.

130. O salutaris hostia (VI)



1. O sa-lu - ta - ris ho - sti - a, Quæ cæ - li
2. U - ni tri - no - que Do - mi - no Sit sem - pi -



1. pan - dis o - sti - um: Bel-la pre-munt ho -
 2. ter - na glo - ri - a; Qui vi-tam si - ne



1. sti - li - a, Da ro-bur, fer au - xi - li - um.
 2. ter-mi-no No-bis do - net in pa - tri - a.

131.**O salutaris hostia (VII)**

1. O sa - lu - ta - ris ho - sti - a, Quæ cæ - li
 2. U - ni tri - no - que Do - mi - no Sit sem - pi -



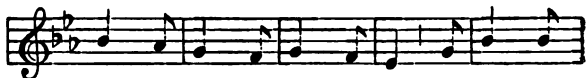
1. pan-dis o - sti - um: Bel-la pre-munt ho -
 2. ter - na glo - ri - a; Qui vi-tam si - ne



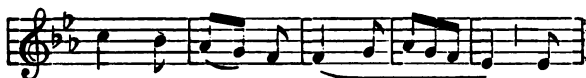
1. ti - li - a, Da ro-bur, fer au - xi - li - um.
 2. ter-mi-no No-bis do - net in pa - tri - a.

132. O salutaris hostia (VIII)

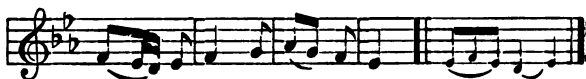
1. O sa - lu - ta - ris ho - - sti - a, Quæ
 2. U - ni tri - no - que Do - - mi - no Sit



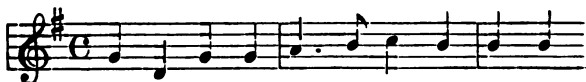
1. cœ - li pan - dis o - sti - um: Bel - la pre -
 2. sem - pi - ter - na glo - ri - a; Qui vi - tam



1. munt ho - sti - li - a, Da
 2. si - ne ter - mi - no No -



- ro - bur, fer au - xi - li - um. A - men.
 bis do - net in pa - tri - a.

133. Tantum ergo Sacramentum (I)

1. Tan - tum er - go Sa - cra - men - tum Ve - ne -
 2. Ge - ni - to - ri Ge - ni - to - que Laus et



1. re - mur cer - nu - i; Et an - ti - quum
2. ju - bi - la - ti - o; Sa - lus, ho - nor,



1. do - cu - men - tum No - vo ce - dat ri - tu - i:
2. vir - tus quo - que Sit et be - ne - di - cti - o;



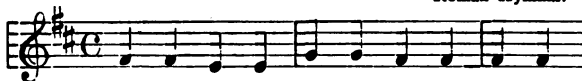
1. Præ - stet fi - des sup - ple - men - tum
2. Pro - ce - den - ti ab u - tro - que



1. Sen - su - um de - fe - ctu - i. A - men.
2. Com - par sit lau - da - ti - o.

134. Tantum ergo Sacramentum (II)

Roman Hymnal.



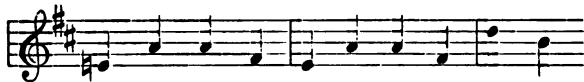
1. Tan - tum er - go Sa - cra - men - tum Ve - ne -
2. Ge - ni - to - ri Ge - ni - to - que Laus et



1. re - mur cer - nu - i; Et an - ti - quum
2. ju - bi - la - ti - o; Sa - lus, ho - nor,



1. do - cu - men - tum No - vo ce - dat ri - tu - i:
 2. vir - tus quo - que Sit et be - ne - di - cti - o;

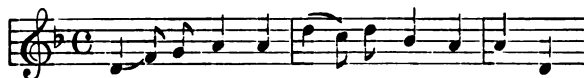


1. Præ - stet fi - des sup - ple - men - tum Sen - su -
 2. Pro - ce - den - ti ab u - tro - que Com - par

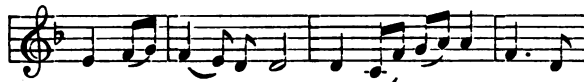


1. um de - fe - ctu - i. A - men.
 2. sit lau - da - ti - o.

135. Tantum ergo Sacramentum (III)



1. Tan - tum er - go Sa - cra - men - tum Ve - ne -
 2. Ge - ni - to - ri Ge - ni - to - que Laus et



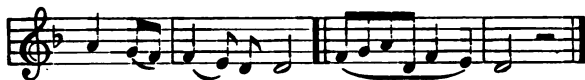
1. re - mur cer - nu - i; Et an - ti - quum do - cu -
 2. ju - bi - la - ti - o; Sa - lus, ho - nor, vir - tus



1. men - tum No - vo ce - dat ri - tu - i:
 2. quo - que Sit et be - ne - di - cti - o;



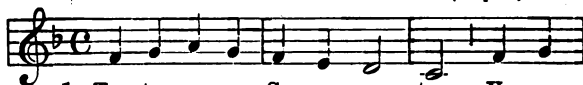
1. Præ - stet fi - des sup - ple-men-tum Sen - su -
 2. Pro - ce-den - ti ab u - tro - que Com - par



1. um de - fe - ctu - i. A - - - men.
 2. sit lau - da - ti - o.

136. Tantum ergo Sacramentum (IV)

Goudimel (adapted).



1. Tan-tum er-go Sa-cra-men-tum Ve-ne-
 2. Ge-ni-to-ri Ge-ni-to-que Laus et



1. re-mur cer-nu-i; Et an-ti-quum do-cu-
 2. ju-bi-la-ti-o; Sa-lus, ho-nor, vir-tus



1. men-tum No vo-ce-dat ri-tu-i:
 2. quo-que Sit et be-ne-di-cti-o;



1. Præ-stet fi-des sup-ple-men-tum Sen-su-um de-
 2. Pro-ce-den-ti ab u-tro-que Com-par sit lau-

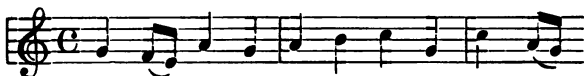


1. fe-ctu-i; Præ-stet fi-des sup-ple-men-tum
2. da-ti-o; Pro-ce-den-ti ab u-tro-que



1. Sen-su-um de-fe-ctu-i. A-men.
2. Com-par-sit lau-da-ti-o.

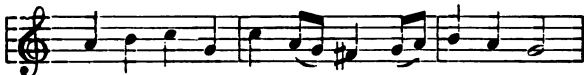
137. Tantum ergo Sacramentum (V)



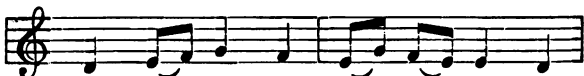
1. Tan-tum er-go Sa-cra-men-tum Ve-ne-
2. Ge-ni-to-ri Ge-ni-to-que Laus et



1. re-mur cer-nu-i; Et an-ti-quum
2. ju-bi-la-ti-o; Sa-lus, ho-nor,



1. do-cu-men-tum No-vo ce-dat ri-tu-i;
2. vir-tus quo-que Sit et be-ne-dic-ti-o;

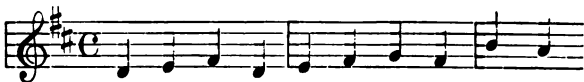


1. Præ-stet fi-des sup-ple-men-tum
2. Pro-ce-den-ti ab u-tro-que



1. Sen - su - um de - fe - ctu - i. A - men.
 2. Com - par sit lau - da - ti - o.

138. Tantum ergo Sacramentum (VI)



1. Tan - tum er - go Sa - cra - men - tum Ve ne -
 2. Ge - ni - to - ri Ge - ni - to - que Laus et



1. re - mur cer - nu - i; Et an - ti - quum
 2. ju - bi - la - ti - o; Sa - lus, ho - nor,



1. do - cu - men - tum No - vo ce - dat ri - tu - i;
 2. vir - tus quo - que Sit et be - ne - di - cti - o;



1. Præ - stet fi - des sup - ple - men - tum Sen - su -
 2. Pro - ce - den - ti ab u - tro - que Com - par



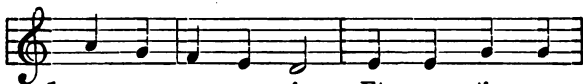
1. um de - fe - ctu - i. A - men.
 2. sit lau - da - ti - o.

139. Tantum ergo Sacramentum (VII)

Roman Hymnal.



1. Tan-tum er-go Sa-cra-men-tum Ve-ne-
2. Ge-ni-to-ri Ge-ni-to-que Laus et



1. re-mur cer-nu-i; Et an-ti-quum
2. ju-bi-la-ti-o; Sa-lus, ho-nor,



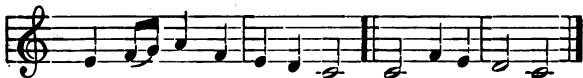
1. do-cu-men-tum No-vo ce-dat ri-tu-i.
2. vir-tus quo-que Sit et be-ne-di-cti-o;



1. Præ-stet fi-des sup-ple-mentum Sen-su-um de-
2. Pro-ce-den-ti ab u-tro-que Com-par sit lau-



1. fe-ctu-i; Præ-stet fi-des sup-ple-mentum
2. da-ti-o; Pro-ce-den-ti ab u-tro-que

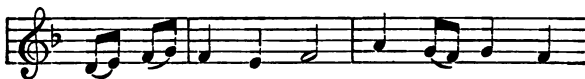


1. Sen-su-um de-fe-ctu-i. A - men.
2. Com-par sit lau-da-ti-o.

140. Tantum ergo Sacramentum (VIII)



1. Tan - tum er - go Sa - cra - men - tum Ve - ne -
 2. Ge - ni - to - ri Ge - ni - to - que Laus et



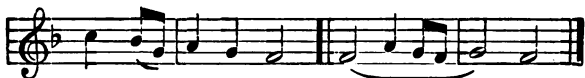
1. re - mur cer - nu - i; Et an - ti - quum
 2. ju - bi - la - ti - o; Sa - lus, ho - nor,



1. do - cu - men - tum No - vo ce - dat ri - tu - i;
 2. vir - tus quo - que Sit et be - ne - di - cti - o;



1. Præ - stet fi - des sup - ple - men - tum Sen - su -
 2. Pro - ce - den - ti ab u - tro - que Com - par



1. um de - fe - ctu - i. A - - - men.
 2. sit lau - da - ti - o.

141. Tantum ergo Sacramentum (IX)

Plain Chant Tune.



1. Tantum ergo Sa - cra - men - tum
2. Ge - ni - to - ri Ge - ni - to - que



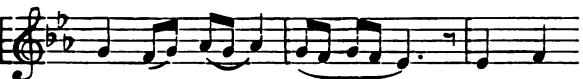
1. Ve - ne - re - mur cer - nu - i; Et an -
2. Laus et ju - bi - la - ti - o; Sa - lus,



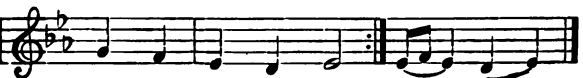
1. ti - quum do - cu - men - tum No - vo ce - dat
2. hon - or, vir - tus quo - que Sit et be - ne -



1. ri - tu - i; Præ - stet fi - des
2. di - cti - o; Pro - ce - den - ti



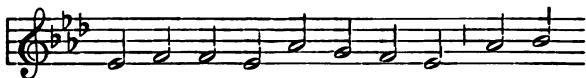
1. sup - ple - men - tum Sen - su -
2. ab u - tro - que Com - par



1. um de - fe - ctu - i. A - men.
2. Sit lau - da - ti - o.

142. Tantum ergo Sacramentum (X)

Plain Chant.



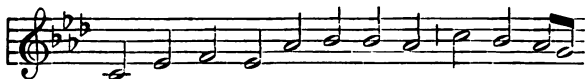
1. Tantum er-go Sa-cra-men-tum Ve-ne-
 2. Ge-ni-to-ri Ge-ni-to-que Laus et



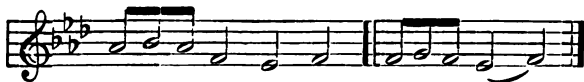
1. re-mur cer-nu-i; Et an-ti-quum
 2. ju-bi-la-ti-o; Sa-lus, ho-nor,



1. do-cu-men-tum No-vo ce-dat ri-tu-i;
 2. vir-tus quo-que Sit et be-ne-di-cti-o;



1. Præ-stet fi-des sup-plementum Sen-su-um
 2. Pro- ce-den-ti ab u-tro-que Com-par sit



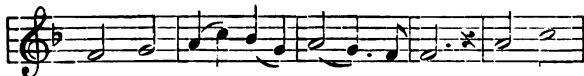
1. de - fe - ctu - i. A - men.
 2. lau - da - ti - o.

143. Tantum ergo Sacramentum (XI)

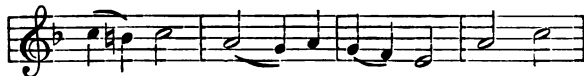
MGR. NEWSHAM.



1. Tan - tum er - go Sa - cra - men - tum
2. Ge - ni - to - ri Ge - ni - to - que



1. Ve - ne - re - mur cer - nu - i; Et an -
2. Laus et ju - bi - la - ti - o; Sa - lus,



1. ti - quum do - cu - men - tum No - vo
2. ho - nor, vir - tus quo - que Sit et



1. ce - dat ri - tu - i; Præ - stet
2. be - ne - di - cti - o; Pro - ce -



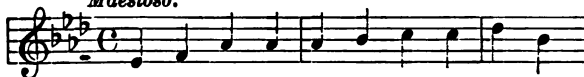
1. fi - des sup - ple - men - tum Sen - su -
2. den - ti ab u - tro - que Com - par



1. um de - fe - ctu - i. A - men.
2. sit lau - da - ti - o.

144. Tantum ergo Sacramentum (XII)

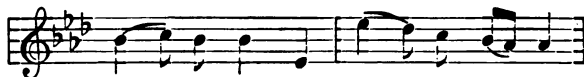
VERDUSSEN S. J.

Maestoso.

1. Tan-tum er - go Sa - cra-men-tum Ve - ne -
 2. Ge - ni - to - ri Ge - ni - to - que Laus et



1. re - mur cer - nu - i; Et an - ti-quum
 2. ju - bi - la - ti - o; Sa - lus, ho - nor,



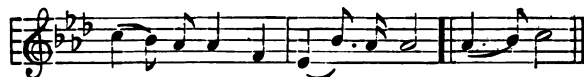
1. do - cu-men-tum No - vo ce - dat
 2. vir - tus quo - que Sit et be - ne -



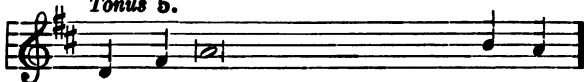
1. ri - tu - i; Præ - stet fi - des sup - ple -
 2. di - cti - o; Pro - ce - den - ti ab u -



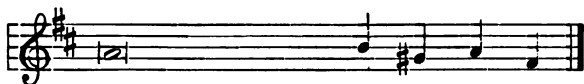
1. men-tum Sen - su - um de - fe - ctu - i,
 2. tro - que Com - par sit lau - da - ti - o,



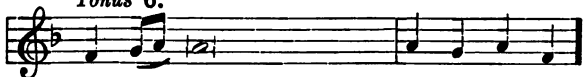
1. Sen - su - um de - fe - ctu - i. A - men.
 2. Com - par sit lau - da - ti - o.

145. Laudate Dominum (I)*Tonus 5.*

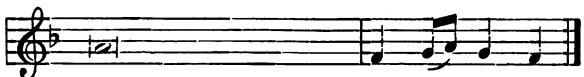
Lau - da - te Dominum omnes gen - tes:
 Quoniam confirmata est
 super nos | misericordia e - ius:
 Gloria Patri et Fi - lio:
 Sicut erat in principio, |
 et nunc et sem - per:



laudate eum om - nes po - puli.
 et veritas Domini | manet in æ - ter - num.
 et Spi - ri - tui San - cto.
 et in sæcula sæcu - lo - rum. A - men.

146. Laudate Dominum (II)*Tonus 6.*

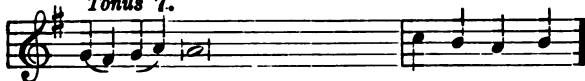
Lau - da - te Dominum om - nes gen - tes:
 Quoniam confirmata est
 super nos | miseri - cor - dia e - ius:
 Gloria Pa - tri et Fi - lio:
 Sicut erat in principio, | et nunc et semper:



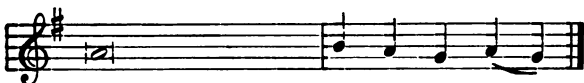
laudate eum om - nes po - puli.
 et veritas Domini | manet in æ - ter - num.
 et Spi - ritu - i San - cto.
 et in sæcula sæcu - lo - rum. A - men.

147. Laudate Dominum (III)

Tonus 7.

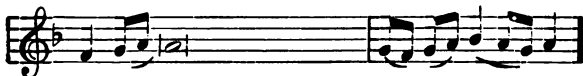


Lau - da - te Dominum om - nes gen - tes:
Quoniam confirmata est
super nos | miseri - cor - dia e - ius:
Gloria Patri et Fi - liu:
Sicut erat in principio, | et nunc et semper:

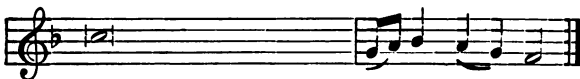


laudate eum om - nes popu - li.
et veritas Domini | manet in æ - ter - num.
et Spi - ri - tui · San - cto.
et in sæcula sæcu - lo - rum. A - men.

148. Laudate Dominum (IV)

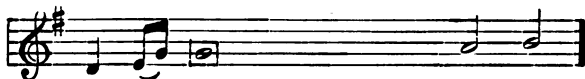


Lau-da - te Dominum om - nes gen - tes:
Quoniam confirmata est
super nos | miseri - cor-dia e - ius:
Gloria Pa-tri et Fi-li - o:
Sicut erat in principio, | et nunc et sem - per:



laudate eum	om-nes po - puli.
et veritas Domini manet	in æ - ter - num.
et Spi -	ri - tui San - cto.
et in sæcula sæcu -	lo - rum. A - men.

149. Laudate Dominum (V)



Lau-da - te Dominum omnes gen - tes:

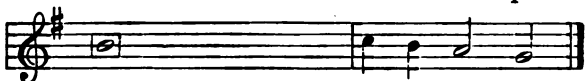
Quoniam confirmata est

super nos | misericordia e - ius:

Gloria Patri et Fi - lio:

Sicut erat in principio, |

et nunc et sem - per:



laudate eum om - nes po - puli.

et veritas Domini | manet in æ - ter - num.

et Spi - ri - tui San - cto.

et in sæcula sæcu - lo - rum. A - men.

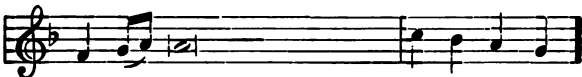
150. Adoremus in æternum



A - do - re - mus in æ - ter - num san -



ctis - si - mum Sa - cra - men - tum.



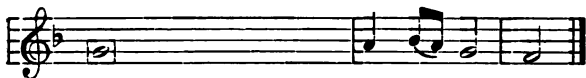
Lau-da - te Dominum om - nes gen - tes:

Quoniam confirmata est

super nos | miseri - cor - dia e - ius:

Gloria Patri et Fi - lio:

Sicut erat in principio, | et nunc et sem - per:



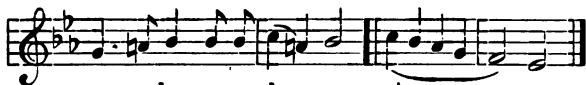
laudate eum om - nes po - puli.
et veritas Domini | manet in æ - ter - num.
et Spi ritu - i San - cto.
et insæcula sæcu lo - rum. A - men.

Repeat Adoremus in æternum, etc. (As before.)

151. Laudetur SS. Sacramentum



Lau-de - tur sanctissi-mum Sa-cra-mentum in



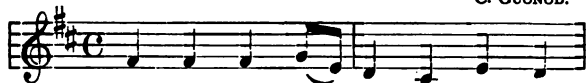
sæ - cu - la sæcu - lo - rum. A - men.

*(May be sung three times in succession,
each time in a higher key.)*

SACRED HEART

152. All for Thee, O Heart of Jesus

C. GUONOD.



1. All for Thee, O Heart of Je - sus,



All for Thee e - ter - nal - ly;



Nought for me, O Heart of Je - sus,



Save to be be - loved by Thee;



Nought for me, O Heart of Je - sus,



Save to be be - loved by Thee.

2. Thou hast taught me in my sorrows
Where alone the heart finds rest;
||: I have learned 'tis sweet to suffer
Pillowed on Thy sacred breast. :||
3. All the hopes once fondly cherished,
One by one I've seen depart;
||: Now life has for me no sunshine,
Save within Thy Sacred Heart. :||
4. All for Thee, O Heart of Jesus,
All the daily inward strife,
||: All the soul's sharp crucifixion,
All the weariness of life. :||
5. Should my efforts prove successful,
All the glory be to Thee;
||: Honor, praise to Thee be given,
All to Thee, and none to me. :||

6. All for Thee, O Heart of Jesus,
 All for Thee in life and death;
 ||: All for Thee, dear Heart of Jesus,
 Till my latest dying breath.:||

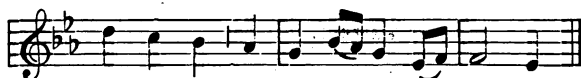
153. Cor Jesu, cor purissimum



1. Cor Je - su, cor pu - ris - si-mum, O
 2. Cor mi - te, cor hu - mil - li-mum, Cor



1. a - ra san-cti - ta - tis, Cor me-um pur-ga
 2. plenum bo - ni - ta - tis, Cor tu - o da si -



1. sor - di-dum, In - fe - ctum tot pec - ca - tis.
 2. mil - li-mum, Da ig - nem ca - ri - ta - tis.

3. Sed quid? Si vel seraphico

Amore cor flagraret,
 Non tamen hoc incendio
 Non satis te amaret.

4. Ut ergo te diligere,

Cor Jesu, possim satis,
 Immensum da, quo amas me,
 Ardorem caritatis.

5. Hoc, hoc amoris iaculo

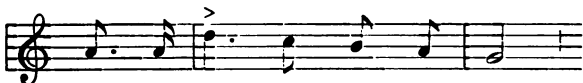
Cor meum accendatur,
 Et huius ab incendio
 In cineres solvatur.

6. Amore tui moriar,
 Cor Jesu, amor meus,
 Ut novo corde ordiar
 Amare te, O Deus.

154. Heart of Jesus, may Thy Reign



(Organ Prelude.) 1. Heart of Je - sus, may Thy reign



O'er the world its power re - gain;



What our fa - thers vowed to Thee,



Shall our own en - deav - or be:



We, Thy loy - al sons, will nev - er

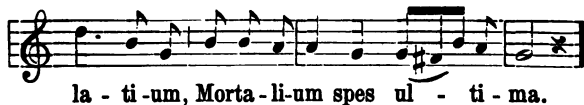


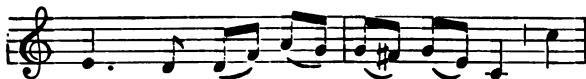
From Thy Heart our hearts dis - sev - er.

2. Though the world Thy love despise,
 Though it scorn Thy pleading cries,
 Though it still Thee crucify,
 We for Thee will live and die.
 ||: We, Thy loyal sons, will never
 From Thy Heart our hearts dissever! :||

3. Gracious Jesus, hear our prayer,
 That for Thee we all may dare;
 By Thy grace our pledge shall be
 Ever kept unswervingly:
 ||: We, Thy loyal sons, will never
 From Thy Heart our hearts dissever! :||

155. O cor, amoris victima





mo - re no - stri sau - ci - um, A -



mo - re no - stri lan - guidum, Fac,



mi - hi sis pla - ca - bi - le.

2. Jesu, Patris Cor unicum,
 Puris amicum mentibus,
 Puris amandum cordibus,
 In corde regnes omnium.
 Cor dulce, etc.

3. Tu sole puro purius,
 Verbi Dei sacrarium,
 Verbi Dei palatium,
 Templumque cælo dignius.
 Cor dulce, etc.

4. Tu Trinitatis gloria,
 Jungit tibi se Filius,
 In te quiescit Spiritus,
 In te Patris sunt gaudia.
 Cor dulce, etc.

156. O Heart of Jesus, my God, my Friend



1. { O Heart of Je - sus, my God, my Friend,
In joy, in sor - row, in good and ill,



In life and dy - ing my soul de - fend; }
O Heart of Je - sus, pro - tect me still. }



Sweet - est Heart di - vine, Love and



praise be Thine; Make me, I im -



plore, Love Thee more and more.

2. My joy, Thy glory; my hope, Thy name;
O Heart of Jesus, my heart inflame;
Grant I may never desert Thy side;
O Heart of Jesus, be Thou my guide.
Sweetest Heart divine, etc.

3. Let not Thy Passion for me be vain;
O Heart of Jesus, my will sustain;
When I am tempted and sorely tried,
Make me remember Thee crucified.
Sweetest Heart divine, etc.
4. Help me to lead many souls to Thee,
And fill my spirit with charity;
Teach me the holy and saving art
Of teaching others to love Thy Heart.
Sweetest Heart divine, etc.

157. O Jesus, open wide Thy Heart



1. O Je - sus, o - pen wide Thy Heart, And



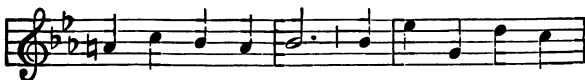
let me en - ter in; For wea - ry is my



strick - en soul Of sor - row and of sin.



I've sought for rest and found it not In



things of earth - ly mould; Thy Heart a - lone can



give me rest And all my bur-dens hold.

2. O Heart of Jesus, living fount
Of hope and peace divine !
The crimson stream down Calv'ry's mount
Shows what a love was Thine:
'Twas there Thy life-blood flowed for man,
'Twas there his peace was sealed;
And there by God's redeeming plan
His wounds of sin were healed.
3. O sweetest Jesus, how do we
For all this make return ?
Do we give love for love to Thee,
Or all Thy mercies spurn ?
Alas ! our hearts are often cold,
Our souls are sinful still;
We pierce Thy Heart for pride or gold,
We rob Thee of our will.
4. And still with Thy most tender Heart
Thou lovest us so well,
That Thou from us wilt ne'er depart,
But on our altars dwell.
There rises up with morning's breath
The saving sacrifice,
In holy mem'ry of Thy death,
Re-op'ning Paradise.

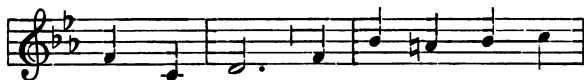
5. O Jesus, meek and merciful,
 To Thee my soul I turn;
 Thou wilt not crush the broken reed,
 Nor contrite spirit spurn.
 Then take me to Thy Sacred Heart,
 And seal the entrance o'er,
 That from this home my wayward soul
 May wander never more.

158. To Christ, the Prince of Peace

League Hymnal.



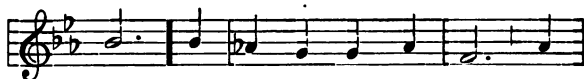
1. To Christ, the Prince of Peace, Our Sav - iour



and our King, The Fa - ther of the



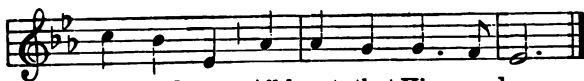
world to come, A hymn of praise we



sing. Deep in His Heart for us The



wound of love He bore, That love wherewith He



still inflames All hearts that Him a-dore.

2. O Jesus, Victim blest,
 What else but love divine
 Could Thee constrain to open thus
 That Sacred Heart of Thine?
 O hide me in Thy Heart,
 And seal the entrance o'er,
 That from this home my wayward soul
 May wander never more.

3. O Fount of endless life,
 O Spring of waters clear,
 O Flame celestial, cleansing all
 Who unto Thee draw near.
 O may that sacred tide
 Cleanse all our souls from sin;
 And may that holy fire consume
 All dross that's left therein.

159. To Jesus' Heart, all burning (I)

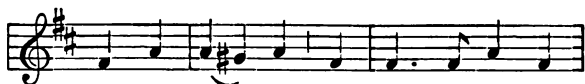
L. BONVIN, S. J.



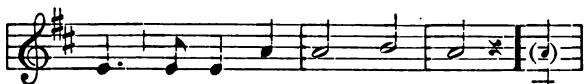
1. To Je - sus' Heart, all burn - ing With



ten - der love for men, My heart with



fond-est yearn-ing Shall raise a joy - ful



strain, Shall raise a joy - ful strain: While



a - ges course a - long, Be blest with



loud - est song The Sa - cred Heart of



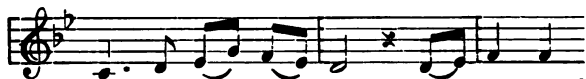
Je - sus By ev' - ry heart and tongue.

2. O Heart for sinners broken
 By sheer excess of love,
 Be Thou my pledge and token
 Of endless joys above.
 While ages course along, etc.

3. Lord Jesus, meek and lowly,
 Divinely pure of heart,
 Oh, may my heart be wholly
 Of Thine the counterpart.
 While ages course along, etc.

160. To Jesus' Heart, all burning (II)

1. To Je - sus' Heart, all burn-ing With



ten - der love for men, My heart with



fond - est yearning Shall raise a joy - ful



strain: While a - ges course a - long,



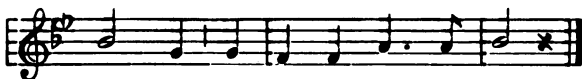
Be blest with loud - est song The



Sa - cred Heart of Je - sus By ev' - ry



heart and tongue! The Sa - cred Heart of

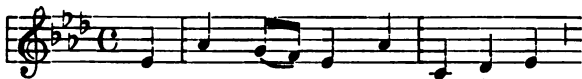


Je - sus By ev' - ry heart and tongue!

2. O Heart, for sinners broken
 By sheer excess of love,
 Be Thou my pledge and token
 Of endless joys above.
 While ages course along, etc.

3. Lord Jesus, meek and lowly,
 Divinely pure of heart,
 Oh, may my heart be wholly
 Of Thine the counterpart.
 While ages course along, etc.

161. To Jesus' Heart, all burning (III)



1. { To Je - sus' Heart, all burn - ing
 My heart with fond - est yearn - ing



With ten - der love for men, } While
 Shall raise a joy - ful strain: }



a - ges course a - long, Be blest with



loud - est song The Sa - cred Heart of



Je - sus By ev' - ry heart and tongue.

2. O Heart for sinners broken
 By sheer excess of love,
 Be Thou my pledge and token
 Of endless joys above.
 While ages course along, etc.

3. Lord Jesus, meek and lowly,
 Divinely pure of heart,
 Oh, may my heart be wholly
 Of Thine the counterpart.
 While ages course along, etc.

162. While the Glow of Morning

League Hymnal (adapted).



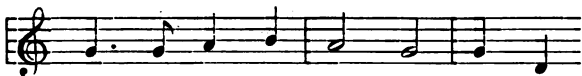
1. While the glow of morn - ing Deep - ens
 2. Ref - uge of the sin - ful, Strong - hold



1. in the sky, Or while sun - set
2. of the weak, Com - fort of the



1. glo - ries Slow - ly fade and die,
2. griev - ing, Light for them that seek:



1. All the wide world o - ver, Like an
2. These Thou art, O Je - sus; Let me



1. in - cense rare, From the hearts of
2. know but part Of the won - drous



1. thou - sands Ris - es up this prayer:
2. gra - ces Flow - ing from Thy Heart.



Sa - cred Heart of Je - sus, Filled with



love for me, Kin - dle in my



spir - it Tru - er love for Thee.

3. Each good act accomplished,
 Duty gladly done;
 Crosses carried nobly,
 Battles bravely won:
 How would all be sweetened;
 If we would but see
 They are sent to lead us
 Nearer unto Thee!
 Sacred Heart of Jesus, etc.

4. In the fire of trial
 So my heart refine,
 That it may be pleasing
 To Thy Heart divine;
 In Thy loving mercy
 So transform it still,
 That its one ambition
 Be to do Thy Will.
 Sacred Heart of Jesus, etc.

BLESSED VIRGIN

163.

Ave Maria (I)

WITT-BONVIN.



A - ve Ma - ri - a, gra - ti - a ple-na,



Do-mi-nus te-cum, be-ne-di-cta tu in mu-li-



e - ri-bus, et be - ne - di - ctus fru-ctus



ven-tris tu - i, Je - sus. San - cta Ma -



ri - a, Ma - ter De - i, o - ra pro no - bis

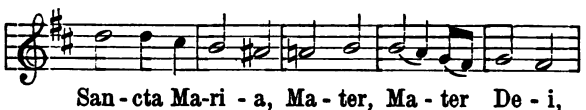
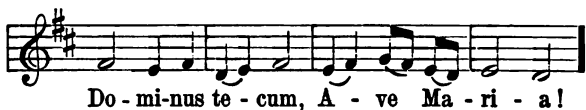


pec-ca-to - ri-bus nunc et in ho - ra



164. Ave Maria (II)

ARCADELT (adapted).





o - ra pro no - bis pec - ca - to - ri - bus



nunc et in ho - ra mor - tis no - stræ. A - men.

165.

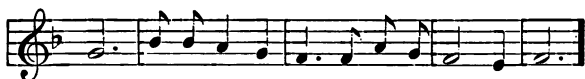
Ave Maria (III)



A - ve Ma - ri - a, gra - ti -



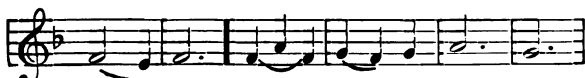
a ple - na, Do - mi - nus te -



cum be - ne - di - cta tu in mu - li - e - ri - bus,



et be - ne - di - ctus fru - ctus ven - tris tu - i,



Je - sus. San - cta Ma - ri - a,



Ma - ter De - i, o - ra pro
no - bis pec - ca - to - ri - bus nunc
et in ho - ra mortis nos - træ. A - men.

166. Ave Maris stella (I)



1. A - ve ma - ris stel - la, De - i Ma - ter al - ma,
2. Sumens il - lud A - ve Ga - bri - e - lis o - re,
1. At - que semper vir - go, Fe - lix cæ - li por - ta.
2. Funda nos in pa - ce, Mu - tans E - væ no - men.
Te de - pre - ca - mur, au - di nos, Et Fi - li - o com -
men - da nos, O Vir - go Ma - ri - a.

3. Solve vincla reis,
Profer lumen cæcis,
Mala nostra pella,
Bona cuncta posce.
Te deprecamur, etc.
4. Monstra te esse matrem,
Sumat per te preces,
Qui pro nobis natus,
Tulit esse tuus.
Te deprecamur, etc.
5. Virgo singularis,
Inter omnes mitis,
Nos culpis solutos,
Mites fac et castos.
Te deprecamur, etc.
6. Vitam præsta puram,
Iter para tutum,
Ut videntes Jesum,
Semper collætetur.
Te deprecamur, etc.
7. Sit laus Deo Patri,
Summo Christo decus,
Spiritus Sancto,
Tribus honor unus.
Te deprecamur, etc.

167. Ave maris stella (II)

C. GREITH.



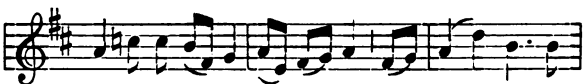
1. A - ve ma-ris stel-la, De - i Ma - ter
2. Su-mens il-lud A - ve Ga-bri - e - lis



1. al - ma, At-que sem-per vir - go, Fe - lix
2. o - re, Fun-da nos in pa - ce, Mutans



1. cæ-li por - ta. }
2. E-væ no - men. } Te deprecamur, au - di nos,



Et Fi-li-o commen-da nos, O Vir - go Ma -



ri - a, O Vir - go Ma - ri a.

3. Solve vincla reis,
Profer lumen cæcis,
Mala nostra pella,
Bona cuncta posce.
Te deprecamur, etc.

4. Monstra te esse matrem,
Sumat per te preces,
Qui pro nobis natus,
Tulit esse tuus.
Te deprecamur, etc.

5. Virgo singularis,
Inter omnes mitis,
Nos culpis solutos,
Mites fac et castos.
Te deprecamur, etc.

6. Vitam præsta puram,
Iter para tutum,
Ut videntes Jesum,
Semper collætémur.
Te deprecamur, etc.

7. Sit laus Deo Patri,
Summo Christo decus,
Spiritu Sancto,
Tribus honor unus.
Te deprecamur, etc.

168: Ave maris stella (III)

PIEL.



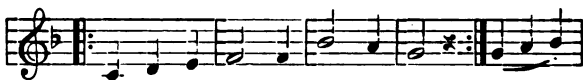
1. A - ve ma - ris stel - la, De - i
2. Su - mens il - lud A - ve Ga - bri -



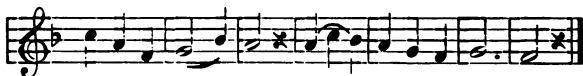
1. Ma - ter al - ma, At - que sem - per
2. e - lis o - re, Fun - da nos in



1. Vir - go, Fe - lix cæ - li por - ta. }
2. pa - ce, Mu - tans E - væ no - men. }



{ Te de-pre-ca-mur, au-di nos, } 0
 { Et Fi-li-o com-men-da nos, }



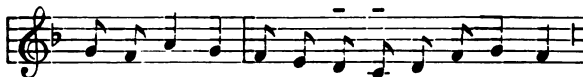
Virgo Ma-ri - a, O Virgo Ma-ri - a.
(Further stanzas as in No. 167.)

169. Ave Regina cœlorum

Plain Chant.



A-ve Re-gi-na cœ-lo - rum, A - ve Do-mi-na



an-ge-lo - rum: Sal-ve ra-dix, sal-ve por-ta,



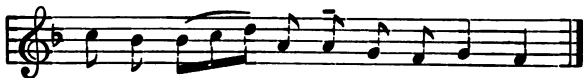
Ex qua mundo lux est or - ta. Gau-de, vir-go



glo-ri - o - sa, Su-per om-nes spe-ci - o - sa.



Va - le, o val - de de - co - ra,

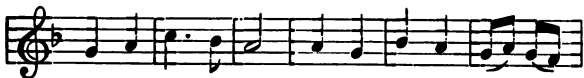


Et pro no - bis Christum ex - o - ra.

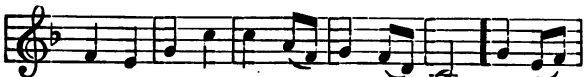
170. Ave virgo gratiosa



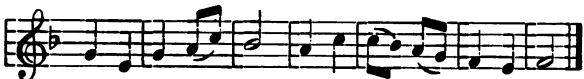
1. A - ve vir - go gra - ti - o - sa, Vir - go



so - le pu - ri - or, Ma - ter De - i glo - ri -



o - sa, Fa - vo mel - lis dul - ci - or. O Ma -



ri - a, om - ni - um Ma - ter et re - fu - gi - um.

2. Tu es illa speciosa,
 Qua est nulla pulchrior;
 Rubicunda plus quam rosa,
 Lilio candidior.
 O Maria, omnium
 Mater et refugium.

3. Tu es mater singularis
Et nos tui filii;
Tu nos semper tuearis,
Nostri spes auxilii.
O Maria, omnium
Mater et refugium.

4. Pulchra tota, sine nota
Cujuscunque maculæ:
Fac nos mundos et jucundos
Te laudare sedule.
O Maria, omnium
Mater et refugium.

171.

Bright-beaming Star



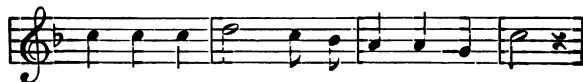
1. Bright-beam-ing Star, Shin-ing a - far,



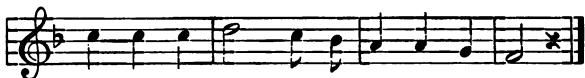
Maid-en and moth-er in thee are com-bined !



Flower of our race, Teem-ing with grace,



Thou art the hope and the pride of man-kind,

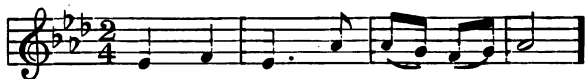


Thou art the hope and the pride of man-kind.

2. Chaste as thou art,
 Deep on our heart
 Sculpture thine image both living and true;
 Make it endure
 Stainless and pure,
 ||: White as the snow and as fresh as the dew. :||

3. Joyful or sad,
 Tearful or glad,
 Childlike we run to thy tender embrace;
 Deign to protect
 All thy elect
 ||: Under thy sheltering mantle of grace. :||

172. From Thy Throne in Bliss above



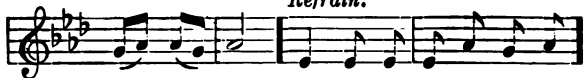
1. From thy throne in bliss a - bove,



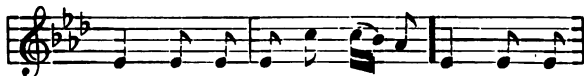
Moth-er Ma - ry, look with love, While we



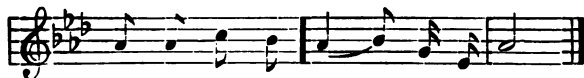
breathe our prayer to thee, Guid-ing Star o'er

Refrain.

life's dread sea. O Mother, deign to hear us,



Be ev - er fond-ly near us, Send down thy



light to cheer us, Star of the Sea.

2. When fierce storms assail the soul,
And temptation's billows roll,
Oh, then calm the surging sea,
Bid the tempest quiet be.
O Mother, deign etc.

3. Be our help in all distress,
And our ev'ry action bless;
Guide us safe past reef and shoal,
Till we reach our heav'nly goal.
O Mother, deign etc.

173. Hail, Holy Queen (I)

Roman Hymnal.



1. (Hail, ho - ly Queen, en-throned a - bove,
(Hail, Queen of mer - cy, Queen of love,



Sal - ve Re - gi - na! } { Sing her praise, ye
Sal - ve Re - gi - na! } { Join our song, ye



Cher - u - bim, } { Heav'n and earth re - sound the hymn:
Ser - a - phim, }

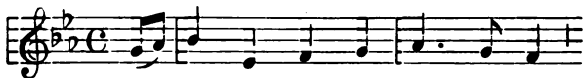


Sal - ve, sal - ve, sal - ve, Re - gi - na!

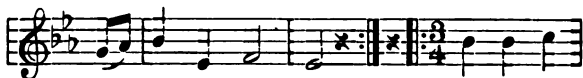
2. Our life, our sweetness here below,
Salve Regina!
Our hope and help in ev'ry woe,
Salve Regina!
Sing her praise, etc.
3. To thee we cry, poor sons of Eve,
Salve Regina!
To thee we sigh, we mourn, we grieve,
Salve Regina!
Sing her praise, etc.
4. O turn, most gracious Advocate,
Salve Regina!
On us thine eyes compassionate,
Salve Regina!
Sing her praise, etc.

5. When from this exile forth we go,
Salve Regina!
 Thy Son to us in glory show,
Salve Regina!
 Sing her praise, etc.

174. Hail, Holy Queen (II)



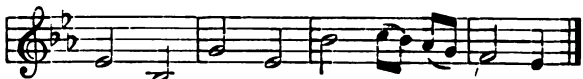
1. { Hail, ho - ly Queen en-throned a - bove,
 { Hail, Queen of mer - cy, Queen of love,



- Sal - ve Re - gi - na!* { Praise her, ye
Sal - ve Re - gi - na! { Sing, all ye



- Cher-ubim, } Heav'n and earth resound the hymn:
 Ser-aphim, }



- Sal - ve, sal - ve, sal - ve Re - gi - na!*

(Further stanzas as in No. 173.)

175.

Hail, Immaculata



1. { Hail, *Im - ma - cu - la - ta*, Peer-less
 { Star of dawn whose ris - ing Ushered



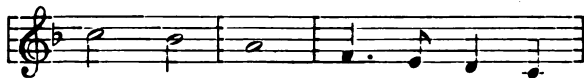
maid-en, sin-less born! } Raptured with thy
 in Re-demption's morn! }



beau - ty, Men and an - gels gaze ad-mir-ing,



Count-less voic-es, nev-er tir-ing,



Sound thy praise, Count-less voic-es,

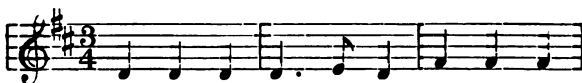


nev-er tir-ing, Sound thy praise.

2. Hail, *Immaculata*,
 Fairest Maid of all our race;
 Queen by right of splendor,
 Queen by nature, Queen by grace!
 Mother of the Saviour,
 Pray for mortals carnal-minded,
 ||: Pray for sinners passion-blinded,
 Pray for me.:||

3. Hail, *Immaculata*,
 Star of ocean, beaming bright!
 Shed thy rays illuming
 To dispel our darksome night.
 Be to us a beacon,
 Till we reach the shore supernal,
 ||: There to see the Light Eternal,
 Christ, our Lord.:||

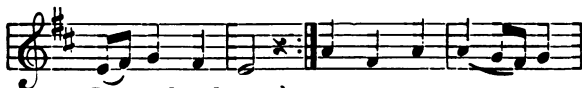
176. Hail, Mary, full of Grace (I)



1. { Hail, Ma - ry, full of grace, Pride of our
 In thine un - taint - ed breast Je - sus, our



fal - len race, On thee our hopes we place
 Sav - iour blest, Found sweet and wel - come rest



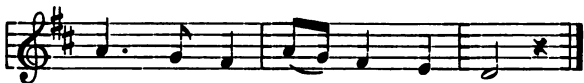
In weal and woe; } Hope-ful and grate - ful,
 On earth be - low. }



Loy - al and faith - ful, Proud - ly we



hail thee as Moth - er and Queen, And on thy



pow - er we trust - ing - ly lean.

2. Stars from the firmament,
Sparkling with merriment,
Serve for an ornament
 Round thy fair brow;
Sun in nobility,
Moon in gentility,
Earth in humility
 Before thee bow;
 Lowland and mountain,
 Streamlet and fountain,
Blossoming land and majestic sea
Mirror thy attributes in their degree.

3. Queen most magnificent,
 Patron munificent,
 Mother beneficent,
 All peerless Maid!
 Graced by virginity,
 Loved by the Trinity,
 Crowned for eternity,
 Lend us thine aid!
 Hoping to meet thee,
 Longing to greet thee,
 Mother, we seek thy protection and care;
 Shield us by counsel, and help us by
 prayer.
 (P. J. C.)

177. Hail, Mary, full of Grace (II)



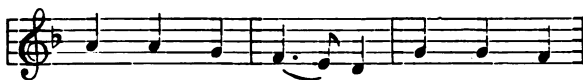
1. { Hail, Ma - ry, full of grace, Pride of our
 In thine un - taint - ed breast Je - sus, our



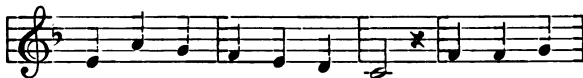
fal - len race, On thee our hopes we place
 Sa - viour blest, Found sweet and wel - come rest



In weal and woe; } Hope-ful and grate-ful,
 On earth be - low. }



Loy - al and faith - ful, Proud - ly we



hail thee as Moth-er and Queen, And on thy

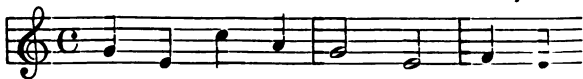


pow - er we trust - ing - ly lean.

2. Stars from the firmament,
 Sparkling with merriment,
 Serve for an ornament
 Round thy fair brow;
 Sun in nobility,
 Moon in gentility
 Earth in humility
 Before thee bow;
 Lowland and mountain,
 Streamlet and fountain,
 Blossoming land and majestic sea
 Mirror thy attributes in their degree.
(Third stanza as in No. 176.)

178. Hail, thou Star of Ocean

Roman Hymnal.



1. Hail, thou Star of O - cean, God's own



Moth - er blest: Ev - er stain - less



Vir - gin, Gate of heav'n - ly rest!



Tak - ing that sweet A - ve, Ga - briel



spoke of yore, E - va's name re -



vers - ing, Peace for us im - plore.

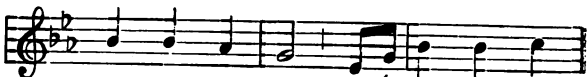
2. Break the bonds of sinners,
Lend us light to see;
All our ills expelling,
Plead our ev'ry plea;
Show thyself our Mother;
May thy Son divine,
Born for our salvation,
Grant our prayers through thine.

3. Virgin, all excelling,
 Mildest of the mild,
 Free from guilt preserve us,
 Meek and undefiled;
 Keep our lives all sinless,
 Guide us on our way,
 Till, in seeing Jesus,
 We rejoice for aye.

179. Hail, Virgin of Virgins



1. Hail, Vir - gin of vir - gins, Thy



prais - es we sing, Who reign-est in



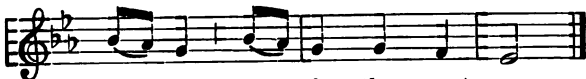
splen-dor With Je - sus, our King.



In heav - en the Bless - ed Thy



glo - ry pro-claim; On earth we thy



chil-dren In - voke thy sweet name.

2. Thy name is our power,
Thy virtues our light,
Thy love is our comfort,
Thy pleading our might.
We praise thee, we bless thee,
When happy and free;
When tempted by Satan,
We call upon thee.

3. We greet thee, O Mary,
Thou mystical Rod,
Thou Mirror of Justice,
Thou Handmaid of God.
May valley and mountain
Unite in thy praise;
The sea with its waters,
The sun with its rays.

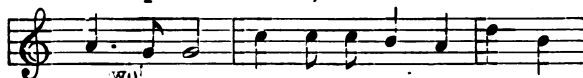
4. May souls that are holy
Still holier be,
To sing with the angels,
Dear Lady, of thee;
May sinners repentant
To virtue return,
That hearts without number
With thy love may burn.

180. How Fair art Thou, O Mater Admirabilis

J. G. H.



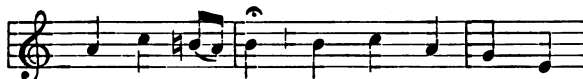
1. How fair art thou, O Ma - ter Ad - mi -
2. How pure art thou, O Ma - ter Ad - mi -



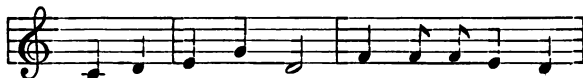
1. ra - ^{wo} bi - lis! Fair as the blushing dawn in
2. ra - bi - lis! Pure as the sun-flushed snow on



1. sil - ver dight; Fair as the vio - lets blue,
2. Al - pine crest; Pure as mid - o - ceanspray,



1. Or crys - tal dew, Transpierced with ar - rows
2. Or star's clear ray, Or li - ly's cup with



1. of the sun's first light; Fair as the moon, en -
2. pearls of morn - ing dressed; Pure as the milk-white



1. throned in star - ry realms a - bove; Fair as the
2. dove that bathes in woodland spring; Pure as the



1. radiant eyes of Hope, or ho - ly Love.
2. ser-aph's thought be-fore th'Al-migh-ty King.

3. How sweet art thou, O Mater Admirabilis !
Sweet as the perfume breathed by perfect rose,
Lifting her stately head
Of royal red,
And richly scenting ev'ry wind that blows;
Sweet as the amber honey hived by summer bee;
Sweet as thy guileless heart or peerless purity.

4. How wondrous art thou, O Mater Admirabilis !
Pride of our race, O Sweet, O Pure, O Fair !
Robed with the dazzling sun,
Thou glorious one !—
Naught else created can with thee compare !
Marvel and joy untold o'erwhelm my raptured heart,
Glorious Mother-Maid, on thinking what thou art.
(Rev. M. Watson, S. J.)

181. I'll Sing a Hymn to Mary



1. I'll sing a hymn to Ma - ry, The



- Moth - er of my God, The peer - less



Queen of Vir - gins, Of Da - vid's



roy - al blood. Oh teach me, Moth - er



Ma - ry, My sim - ple song to frame, While



wick - ed men re - vile thee, I'll praise and



bless thy name, While wick - ed men re -



vile thee, I'll praise and bless thy name.

2. Thou art the fairest lily,
 The thornless mystic rose:
 No flow'r in all our gardens
 With half thy beauty blows.
 Oh let me, though unworthy,
 Recount thy wondrous fame:
 ¶: While wicked men revile thee,
 I'll praise and bless thy name. :||

3. O noble Tow'r of David,
 Of gold and ivory;
 The saving Ark of Promise,
 The Gate of Heav'n to me.
 To live and not to love thee,
 Would fill my soul with shame:
 ¶: While wicked men revile thee,
 I'll praise and bless thy name. :||

182. In Heaven's Holy Garden



1. In heav-en's ho - ly gar - den There



blooms a flow - er fair; With it nor



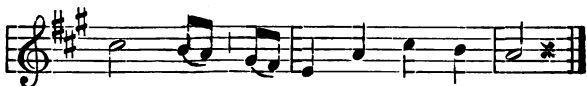
rose nor lil - y In beau - ty can com-



pare; Its pure and peer-less splen-dor Has



won im-mor-tal fame; To God and men and



an - gels Is known its bless-ed name.

2. Within its spotless bosom
The Saviour found repose;
And it alone was worthy
To be His mystic rose.
Too fair for all our gardens,
This bloom of priceless worth
Was carried off by angels
From this our sin-stained earth.

3. Whoever, sorrow-stricken,
Is whelmed in dismal grief,
At sight of this fair flower
Will feel untold relief;
The soul, by sin infected,
And doomed to endless death,
May draw new health and vigor
From this sweet blossom's breath.

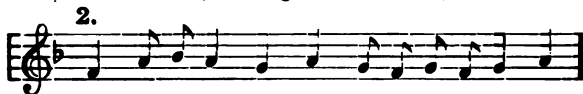
4. This flow'r of which we're singing,
This bloom beyond compare,
Is Mary, Mother-Maiden,
All stainless and all fair.
Enraptured with her beauty,
My heart with love o'erflows;
I long to be in heaven
With this sweet, mystic rose.

183.

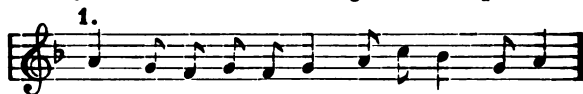
Inviolata



In - vi-o-la-ta, in - te-gra,et ca- sta es, Ma-ri - a !



Quæ es ef-fe - cta ful - gi-da cæ-li por - ta.



O Ma-ter al-ma Chri - sti ca - ris - si - ma !



Su - sci - pe pi - a lau - dum prae - co - ni - a.



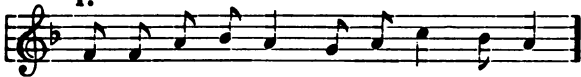
Te nunc fla-gi-tant de-vo-ta cor-da et o-ra.

2.



No - stra ut pu - ra pe - cto-ra sint et cor-po-ra.

1.



Tu - a per pre - ca - ta dul - ci - so - na

2.

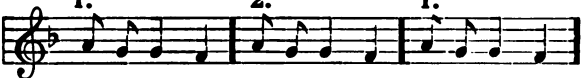


No - bis con-ce-das ve - ni-am per sæ - cu - la.

1.

2.

1.



O be - ni - gna ! O Re - gi - na ! O Ma - ri - a !

2.



Quæ so - la in - vi - o - la - - ta



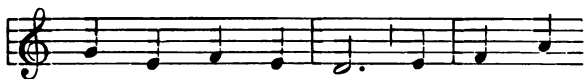
per - man - si - - sti !

184. Look Down, O Mother Mary



1. Look down, O Moth - er Ma - ry, From

2. Look down on us thy chil - dren, O



1. thy bright throne a - bove, Cast down up -
2. moth - er dear, look down: A moth - er's



1. on thy chil - dren One on - ly glance of
2. face beams kind - ly, When oth - er fac - es



1. love. And if thy heart so ten - der
2. frown. Though thou art Queen of heav - en



1. With pi - ty flows not o'er, Then turn a -
2. En-throned in joy a - bove, Yet still, O



1. way, O Moth - er, And look on us no more ! }
2. dear-est Moth - er, Look down on us with love . }



Look down, O Moth-er Ma - ry, From thy bright



throne a - bove, Cast down up - on thy



chil - dren One on - ly glance of love!

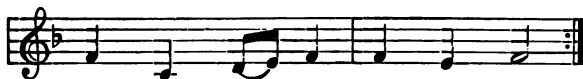
3. By Him Who calls thee Mother,
 And bids us do the same;
 By Him, thy Son, Who gives us
 A brother's tender name;
 By all the love that burneth
 Within thine own pure heart,
 O Mother, be a mother,
 And act a mother's part.
 Look down, O Mother Mary, etc.

4. And so to thee, our Mother,
 With filial faith we call;
 For Jesus dying gave thee
 As Mother to us all:
 Then scorn not our petitions,
 But patiently give ear;
 And help us, Mother Mary,
 Most loving and most dear.
 Look down, O Mother Mary, etc.

185. Loving Children of Our Lady



1. { Lov - ing chil - dren of Our La - dy,
 { And in strains of glad re - joic - ing



Day by day we sing her praise, }
Un - to God our voi - ces raise: }



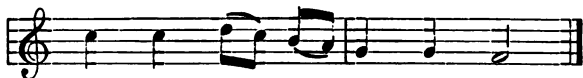
Thank-ing Him for all the gra - ces



Which on Ma - ry He be - stowed,



Mak - ing her the Sav-iour's Moth - er



And the Spir - it's blest a - bode.

2. Her we hail our Queen all-glorious,
Lowly Handmaid of the Lord,
Who to her, in life's first dawning,
Fallen nature's grace restored.
Her we hail the Star of Morning,
Ever stainless, ever bright;
Still from grace to grace advancing,
Fairest Daughter of the Light.

3. Her we hail to whom the Father
 Deigned to send the glad decree:
 That, by power divine conceiving,
 She the Saviour's Mother be.
 As by Eve's first disobedience
 All the world had come to grief,
 So through Mary's meek submission
 Jesus came to bring relief.
4. May the mighty Queen of Heaven,
 With the blessed Son she bore,
 Be our shield in every combat,
 Till we rest for evermore.
 Clad in helmet of salvation,
 Clad in armor shining bright,
 May we be by Mary guided,
 To the realms of endless light.

186. Maiden most Meek and Mild



1. Maid - en most meek and mild, Stain-less and
 2. That pri - mal fall from grace, Which sul-lied



1. un - de - filed, Thou art a child of
 2. all our race, Left thee a - lone a



1. pre - di - lec - tion ! What fra - grant
 2. grand ex - emp - tion. Far more than



1. flow'r can be Right-ly com-pared to thee
2. oth - ers blest, With - in thy sa - cred breast



1. In thy most mar - vel-lous per - fec - tion?
2. Didst thou con - ceive our sole Re - demp - tion.

3. Thou, as the second Eve,
Didst her sad fall retrieve,
For man's debt giving God in payment:
Thy spotless feet are pressed
Upon the serpent's crest,
God's stars thy crown, His sun thy raiment.
4. Through His dear Blood, Who died
For sinners crucified,
Wert thou preserved, and we forgiven.
Help us to conquer sin,
That we may enter in
Through thee, the golden gate, to heaven.
5. Fair Queen of high estate,
Conceived immaculate
To form Incarnate Love's pure dwelling;
Spotless as virgin snow,
Glorious as sunset glow,
Bringing us joys beyond all telling.

6. O wondrous house of gold,
 Burnished, as oft foretold,
 To be a vessel of devotion!
 Fathom we never can
 Thy love for sinful man,
 Which is profounder than the ocean.
7. Pattern of all the meek,
 Champion of all the weak,
 Solace of souls oppressed and weary!
 By thy great love for men,
 Comfort and cheer us then,
 When life is dark and cold and dreary.
 (P. J. C.)

187. Maiden Mother Undeiled

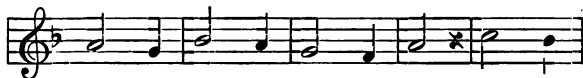
Roman Hymnal.



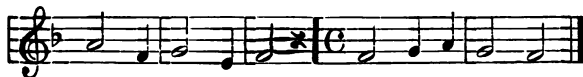
1. Mai - den Moth - er un - de - filed,



Deign to take me for thy child;



All my life, oh let it be My best



joy to think of thee: Vir - go Ma - ri - a!

2. Teach me, when the sun-beam bright
Calls me with its golden light,
How my waking thoughts may be
Turned to Jesus and to thee:

Virgo Maria!

3. Teach me also through the day -
Oft to raise my heart and say:
"Maiden Mother undefiled,
Guard and guide thy faithful child!"

Virgo Maria!

4. When my eyes are closed in sleep,
O'er my slumbers vigil keep;
Make my latest thought to be
How to please thy Son and thee:

Virgo Maria!

5. Thus, sweet Mother, day and night
Do thou guide my steps aright;
Let my dying whisper be:
"Virgin Mother, pray for me!"

Virgo Maria!

188. Most Noble Queen of Victory



1. { Most no - ble Queen of Vic - to - ry,
{ En - throned in peer - less ma - jes - ty,



Ma - ri - - a!
Ma - ri - - a!

When we arm to



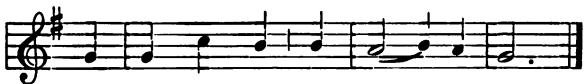
take the field, Thou shalt be our



sword and shield. Oh, be thou near us, To



aid and cheer us, By word and deed,



In ev - 'ry need, *Ma - ri - - a!*

2. Thy heel hath crushed the serpent's head,
Maria!

Thy hand hath laid the foeman dead, *Maria!*
Oft thy modest look hath cowed
Lustful souls and demons proud,
Oh, be thou near us, etc.

3. The God of battle honored thee, *Maria!*
And made thee Queen of Victory, *Maria!*
He, the Lord of Hosts, and God,
Heeds thine ev'ry beck and nod.
Oh, be thou near us, etc.

189.

O Heart of Mary



1. { O Heart of Ma - ry pure and fair,
 { In Ad - am's fall thou hast no share,



Heart of Ma - ry ! } Heart a - glow with
 Heart of Ma - ry ! }



love di - vine, Fill my heart with love like thine,



Pure as thy heart, so be mine. Heart all fair,



Past com - pare, Let my heart thy vir - tues share !

2. O chaste abode of noblest love,
 Heart of Mary !
 The Spirit's Spouse, His spotless Dove,
 Heart of Mary !
 Heart aglow with love divine, etc.

3. O mystic Olive of the field,
 Heart of Mary!
 Thy shades from heats of passion shield,
 Heart of Mary!
 Heart aglow with love divine, etc.

4. As to their mother children flee,
 Heart of Mary!
 So loving hearts will haste to thee,
 Heart of Mary!
 Heart aglow with love divine, etc.

190. O Mary Immaculate, Star of the Morning



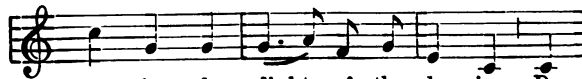
1. O Ma - ry Im - ma - cu - late, Star of the
 2. On earth, in an or - bit of shad - ow and



1. morn - ing, Pre - des - tined be - fore the cre -
 2. sad - ness, Ob - scour - ing thy splen - dor, thy



1. a - tion be - gan, And cho - sen to
 2. course thou hast run; But now thou art



1. bring, in the light of thy dawning, De -
 2. throned in all glo - ry and gladness, And



1. feat to the ser-pent and res-cue to man.
2. crowned by the hand of thy Sav-iour and Son.
3. Poor sinners, we worship thy sinless perfection;
So wayward and weak, for thy pity we plead;
Oh grant us the shield of thy mighty protection,
And measure thine aid by the depth of our need.
4. Full frail is our nature, and strict our probation,
And watchful the foe that would lure us to wrong;
On thee we rely in the hour of temptation,
O Mary Immaculate, tender and strong.
5. Behold how the wiles of the serpent assail us,
And see how we waver and flinch in the fight;
Oh let thine immaculate merit avail us,
And make of our weakness a proof of thy might.
6. Look down from thy throne at the voice of our
crying, [trod
Look down to this earth which thy footsteps have
Stretch out thy strong arms to us living and dying,
O Mary Immaculate, Mother of God.

(F. W. Weatherell.)

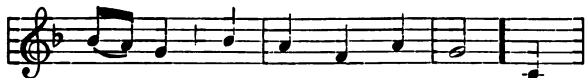
191. O Mary, my Mother (I)



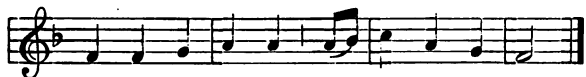
1. { O Ma - ry, my Moth - er, so
With child - like af - fec - tion my



ten - der, so true, } As long as I
spi - rit im - bue; }



lin - ger in life here be - low, Thy



lov - ing pro - tec - tion in boun - ty be - stow.

2. If thou dost forsake me, to whom shall I go?
For thou art my refuge in weal and in woe;
The snares that surround me with trembling I see,
But one thought consoles me: that thou art with me.
3. Whenever I weary of warfare and strife,
Refresh me, O Mary, thou joy of my life;
Though fierce be the conflict, no foe will I fear;
I know, dearest Mother, that thine aid is near.
4. O Mary, my Mother, I'm longing to see
The glory that Jesus has given to thee;
In life let me truly thy child ever be,
That death may but lead me to Jesus and thee.

192. O Mary, my Mother (II)



1. O Ma - ry, my Moth - er, so ten - der, so



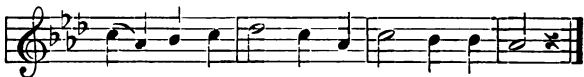
true, With child - like af - fec - tion my



spir - it im - bue; As long as I



lin - ger in life here be - low, Thy



lov - ing pro - tec - tion in boun - ty be - stow.

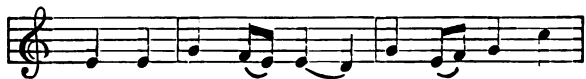
2. If thou dost forsake me, to whom shall I go?
For thou art my refuge in weal and in woe;
The snares that surround me with trembling I see,
But one thought consoles me: that thou art with me.
3. Whenever I weary of warfare and strife,
Refresh me, O Mary, thou joy of my life;
Though fierce be the conflict, no foe will I fear;
I know, dearest Mother, that thine aid is near.
4. O Mary, my Mother, I'm longing to see
The glory that Jesus has given to thee;
In life let me truly thy child ever be,
That death may lead me to Jesus and thee.

193.

Omni die dic Mariæ



1. Om - ni di - e dic Ma - ri - æ, Me - a



lau - des a - ni - ma; E - ius fe - sta,



e - ius ge - sta Co - le de - vo - tis - si - ma.



Con - tem - pla - re et mi - ra - re E - ius



cel - si - tu - di - nem; Dic fe - li - cem

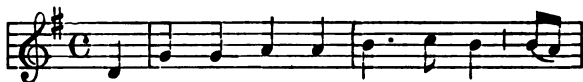


Ge - ni - tri - cem, Dic be - a - tam Vir - gi - nem.

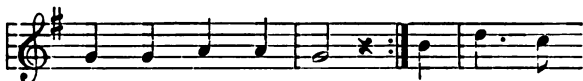
2. Ipsam cole, ut de mole
Criminum te liberet;
Hanc appella, ne procella
Vitiorum superet.
Sine fine dic Reginæ
Mundi laudum cantica;
Ejus bona semper sona,
Semper illam prædica.
3. O cunctarum feminarum
Decus atque gloria !
Quam electam et evectam
Scimus super omnia.
Clemens audi, tuæ laudi
Quos instantes conspicias:
Munda reos, et fac eos
Donis dignos cælicis.
4. Pulchra tota, sine nota
Cujuscunque maculæ:
Fac nos mundos et jucundos
Te laudare sedule.
Tu portasti inter casti
Ventris claustra Dominum;
Redemptorem qui honorem
Nobis reddit pristinum.
5. Pro me pete, ut quiete
Sempiterna perfruar:
Ne tormentis comburentis
Stagni miser obruar.
Commendare me dignare
Christo tuo Filio:
Ut non cadam, sed evadam
Mundi de naufragio.

194.

O Mother blest



1. { O Moth - er blest, whom God be-stows On
 { What joy, what hope thou giv - est those Who



sin - ners and on just, } Most ho - ly
 in thy mer - cy trust. }



Ma - ry, at thy feet Thy chil-dren bend a



sup - pliant knee; Dear Moth - er of my



God, Do thou re - mem - ber me.

2. Remember, Mary, Virgin blest,
 It never yet was told
 That he who humbly sought thine aid,
 Departed unconsolated.
 Most holy Mary, etc.

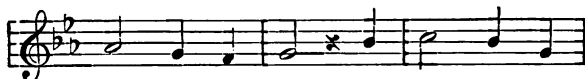
3. O Mother blest, for me obtain,
 Unworthy though I be,
 To love that God, Who first could deign
 To show such love to me.
 Most holy Mary. etc.

195. O Purest of Creatures

Jos. GROISS.



1. O pur - est of crea - tures, sweet



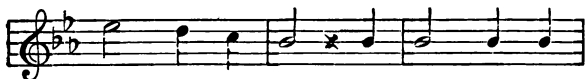
Moth - er, sweet Maid, Whom God in His



Boun - ty with beau - ty ar - rayed,



In deep ad - mir - a - tion we



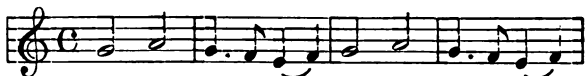
look up to thee, And ten - der - ly



hail thee as Star of the Sea.

2. No dew-laden rosebud that blooms on the lea,
No soft-tinted pearl from the depths of the sea,
No silvery moonbeam, though charmingly fair,
Can picture thy beauty, so wondrously rare.
3. To mortals what comfort ! To angels what mirth !
That God found one creature unsullied on earth,
One spot where His Spirit untroubled could rest,
One shrine that could welcome the Saviour as guest.
4. He gazed on thy soul,—it was spotless and fair,
No shade of defilement had ever been there;
And no one had owned thee, pure Maiden, but He,
Whose choice from eternity rested on thee.
5. O may thy pure light on our souls ever shine,
And keep them unsullied and sinless as thine;
Till after this exile united we be
Through ages unending in glory with thee.

196. O Sanctissima (I)



1. O san - ctis - si - ma, O pi - is - si - ma,



Dul - cis Vir - go Ma - ri - a ! Ma - ter a -



ma - ta, In - te - me - ra - ta,



2. Tu solatium
Et refugium,
Virgo Mater Maria!
||: Quidquid optamus,
Per te speramus,
Ora, ora pro nobis! :||

3. Virgo respice,
Mater aspice,
Audi nos, O Maria!
||: Tu medicinam
Portas divinam.
Ora, ora pro nobis! :||

4. Tua gaudia
Et suspiria
Juvent nos, O Maria!
||: In te speramus,
Ad te clamamus:
Ora, ora pro nobis! :||

5. Ecce debiles,
Perquam fiebles,
Salva nos, O Maria!
||: Tolle languores,
Pelle dolores,
Ora, ora pro nobis! :||

197.

O Sanctissima (II)

1mo Solo.

C. GREITH.

2do Chorus.

1. O san - ctis - si - ma, O pi - is - si - ma,



Dul - cis Vir - go Ma - ri - a! ri - a!

Chorus.

Ma - ter a - ma - ta, in - te - me - ra - ta.

Solo.

O - ra, o - ra pro no - bis,

Chorus.

O - ra, o - ra pro no - bis!

(Solo.) 2. Tu solatium et refugium,
Virgo Mater Maria!

(Chorus.) Tu solatium et refugium,
Virgo Mater Maria!

Quidquid optamus, per te speramus:

(Solo.) Ora, ora pro nobis!

(Chorus.) Ora, ora pro nobis!

(Solo.) 3. Virgo respice, Mater aspice,
Audi nos, O Maria!

(Chorus.) Virgo respice, Mater aspice,
Audi nos, O Maria!

In te speramus, ad te clamamus:

(Solo.) Ora, ora pro nobis!

(Chorus.) Ora, ora pro nobis!

198. O Virgin-Mother, Pure and Fair



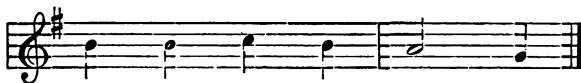
1. { O Vir - gin-Moth - er, pure and fair,
{ In Ad - am's fall thou hadst no share,



A - ve Ma - ri - a! { Sing her praise, ye
A - ve Ma - ri - a! { Join our song, ye



Cher - u - bim, { Praise her, praise her,
Ser - a - phim, {



praise our spot - less Moth - er.

2. O Maid, with love of God aglow,
 Ave Maria!
 Fair lily, whiter than the snow,
 Ave Maria!
 Sing her praise, etc.
3. Thou wondrous tower of ivory,
 Ave Maria!
 Thou cheering star on life's dread sea,
 Ave Maria!
 Sing her praise, etc.
4. Thou shield against the crafty foe,
 Ave Maria!
 Thou hope of sinners here below,
 Ave Maria!
 Sing her praise, etc.

**199. Queen of Heaven, Pray
 Remember**



1. Queen of Hea - ven, pray re - mem - ber:



Nev - er was it heard or known



That a soul, in thee con - fid - ing,



Prayed in vain be - fore thy throne.



Nev - er, nev - er, Moth - er dear,



Was a prayer by thee un - heed - ed;



No one yet has vain - ly plead - ed,



Un - to all thine aid is near,



Un - to all thine aid is near.

2. Hast thou e'er refused a favor
Which thy children humbly sought?
Has the poor repentant sinner
Ever shed his tears for nought?
Never, never, etc.

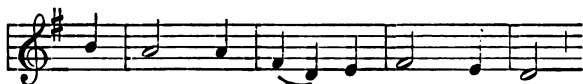
3. Queen, behold a weary pilgrim
 Kneeling here before thy shrine:
 Bent beneath the cares of exile,
 And withal a child of thine.
 Never, never, etc.

4. Mary, while in life I linger,
 Let me feel thy gracious love;
 Lead away my parting spirit
 To my home in bliss above.
 Never, never, etc.

200. We Greet Thee, Mary



1. We greet thee, Ma - ry, peer - less Vir - gin;



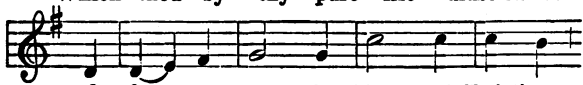
With fond - est love to thee we turn.



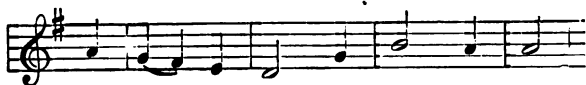
How ra - diant is the crown of glo - ry,



Which thou by thy pure life didst earn!



O hear our prayers, thou Help of Christians,



And fill our hearts with strength and joy;



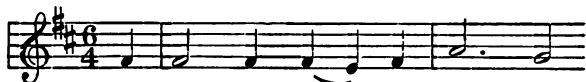
With - in our souls the power of Sa - tan



By thy most migh - ty aid de - stroy.

2. O Queen, enthroned in matchless splendor,
Where Christ, thy Son, doth reign as King;
Where all the hosts of saints and angels
Thy praise proclaim, thy glory sing;
While we on earth, in fond devotion,
With them hail thee our glorious Queen:
Look down on us, thy needy children,
And cheer us with thy look serene.
3. Look down on us, most noble Lady,
Who reignest now in bliss untold;
Thou marvel of the heavenly city,
With crown that beams with gems and gold;
O help us all, most mighty Mother,
To reach the realms of endless rest,
To see thee there in all thy glory,
To sing with thee among the Blest.

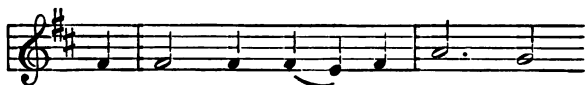
201. O Mary, Dearest Mother



1. O Ma - ry, dear - est Moth - er!



Thy month is come a - gain;



Of all the months most wel - come



To an - gels and to men,



The month of birds and blos - soms,



The flow' - ry, sun - ny May,



When earth and sky, dear Moth - er,

BLESSED VIRGIN
(May)



To thee their tri - bute pay.

2. Behold us, dearest Mother,
Before the simple shrine,
Which we have decked with flowers,
And love because it's thine;
We've come to pay our tribute
Of prayer and song to thee;
Look down, O dearest Mother,
And deign our Queen to be.
3. By Him Who calls thee Mother,
And bids us do the same;
By Him, thy Son, Who gives us
A Brother's tender name;
By all the love that burneth
Within thine own pure heart,
O Mother, be a mother,
And act a mother's part.
4. In heaven's eternal May-time,
Whose sunlight is the Lamb,
Where all is bliss and glory
And endless peace and calm:
We'll praise thee and we'll bless thee
With all the saints above,
If now, O mighty Mother,
Thou look on us with love.

202. O Queen of fair and flow'ry May



1. O Queen of fair and flow' - ry May,



Re - ceive our ten - der greet - ing;



And bless thy chil - dren who to - day



Thy prais - es are re - peat - ing;



And bless thy chil - dren who to - day



Thy prais - es are re - peat - ing.

2. To thee, O Mary, we commit
Of souls the garden vernal:
||: O shelter them and make them fit
To bloom in spring eternal. :||

3. O keep for us with tender care,
Thou loving Queen and Mother,
||: The lily-flower, so pure, so fair,
And lovely like no other. :||

4. O let our souls in beauty shine,
 Each heart so deck and cover,
 ¶: That it become a holy shrine,
 Where angels like to hover.:¶

203. Salve mater misericordiæ

Plain Chant.



Sal - ve ma - ter mi - se - ri - cor - di - æ,



Ma - ter De - i et ma - ter ve - ni - æ,

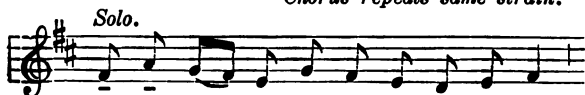


Ma - ter spe - i et ma - ter gra - ti - æ, Ma - ter



ple - na sanctæ læ - ti - ti - æ, O Ma - ri - a !

Chorus repeats same strain.



1. Sal - ve de - cus hu - ma - ni ge - ne - ris,



Sal - ve vir - go di - gni - or co - te - ris,



Quæ vir-gi-nes om-nes transgre-de-ris, Et al-



ti-us se-des in su-pe-ris, O Ma-ri-a!

Chorus: "Salve Mater, etc."

Solo.



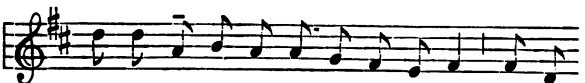
2. Sal-ve fe-lix vir-go pu-er-pe-ra:

3. Te cre-a-vit Pa-ter in-ge-ni-tus,



2. Nam qui se-det in Pa-tris de-xte-ra,

3. Præ-sig-na-vit te U-ni-go-ni-tus,



2. Cæ-lum regens, terram et æ-the-ra, In-tra

3. O-bum-bravit te San-ctus Spi-ri-tus, Tu es



2. tu-a se clau-sit vi-sce-ra, O Ma-ri-a!

3. fa-cta to-ta di-vi-ni-tus, O Ma-ri-a!

Chorus: "Salve Mater, etc"

(Solo.) 4. Te creavit Deus mirabilem,
Te respexit ancillam humilem,
Te quæsit sponsam amabilem,
Tibi nunquam fecit consimilem, O Maria!
(Chorus.) Salve Mater, etc.

(Solo.) 5. Te beatam laudare cupiunt
Omnes justî, sed non sufficiunt;
Multas laudes de te concipiunt,
Sed in illis prorsus deficiunt, O Maria!
(Chorus.) Salve Mater, etc.

(Solo.) 6. Esto, Mater, nostrum solatium,
Nostrum esto tu, Virgo, gaudium.
Nosque tandem post hoc exsilium
Lætos junde choris cælestium, O Maria!
(Chorus.) Salve Mater, etc.

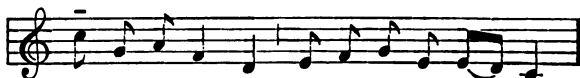
204.

Salve Regina

Plain Chant.



Sal-ve Re-gi - na. Ma-ter mi-se - ri-cor-di - æ,



vi - ta, dul - ce - do, et spes no - stra, sal - ve !



Ad te cla-ma-mus, ex-su-les fi-li-i E - væ;



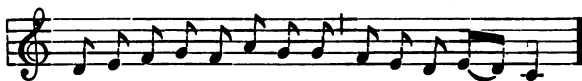
ad te su-spi-ra-mus, ge-men-tes et fien-tes



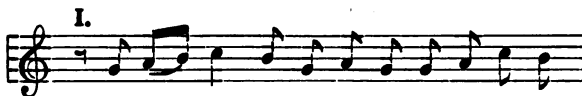
in hac la-cri-ma-rum val-le. E-ia er-go,



ad-vo-ca-ta no-stra, il-los tu-os



mi-se-ri-cor-des o-cu-los ad nos con-ver-te.



Et Je-sum, be-ne-dictum fructum ventris



tu-i, no-bis post hoc ex-si-li-um



o-stende. O cle-mens, O pi-a,

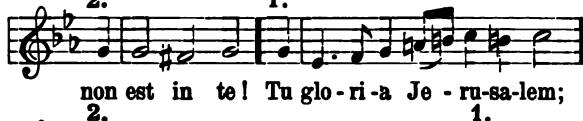
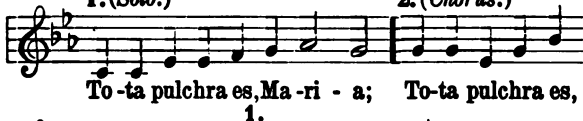
I. and II.



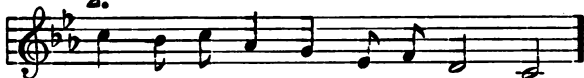
205. Tota pulchra es, Maria

1. (Solo.)

2. (Chorus.)



2.

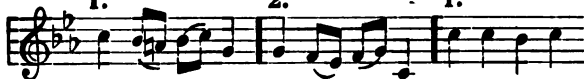


Tu ad - vo - ca - ta pec - ca - to - rum.

1.

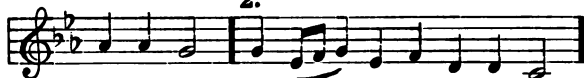
2.

1.



O Ma - ri - a! O Ma - ri - a! Virgo pruden -

2.



tis - si - ma, Vir - go cle - men - tis - si - ma!

1.

2.



O - ra pro no - bis, O - ra pro no - bis



ad Do - mi - num Je - sum Chri - stum.

206.

Ultima in mortis hora



1. Ul - ti - ma in mor - tis ho - ra Fi li -



um pro no - bis o - ra, Bo - nam mor - tem



im - pe - tra, Vir - go, Ma - ter, Do - mi - na !

2. O Maria, spes reorum,
Consolatrix afflictorum:
Nos a culpa libera,
Virgo, Mater, Domina !

3. Fac ut Jesum diligamus,
Tibi semper serviamus,
Gratia nos roboras,
Virgo, Mater, Domina !

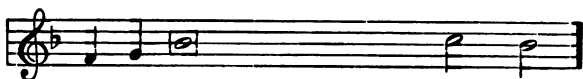
4. Esto nobis, O Regina,
Vere stella matutina;
Duc ad cæli gaudia,
Virgo, Mater, Domina !

207.

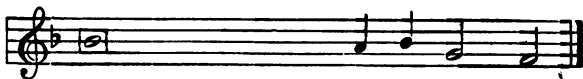
Magnificat



1. Ma - gni - fi - cat * anima me - a Do - mi - num.



2. Et ex - sultavit spiritus me - us *



in Deo salu - ri me - o.

3. Quia respexit humilitatem ancillæ suæ: * ecce enim ex hoc | beatam me dicent | omnes generationes.
4. Quia fecit mihi magna qui potens est: * et sanctum nomen eius.
5. Et misericordia eius a progenie in progenies: * timéntibus eum.
6. Fecit potentiam in brachio suo: * dispersit superbos mente cordis sui.
7. Deposuit potentes de sede: * et exaltavit humiles.
8. Esurientes implevit bonis: * et divites dimisit inanes.
9. Suscepit Israel puerum suum: * recordatus misericordiæ suæ.
10. Sicut locutus est ad patres nostros: * Abraham et semini eius in sæcula.
11. Gloria Patri et Filio: * et Spiritui Sancto.
12. Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper: * et in sæcula sæculorum. Amen.

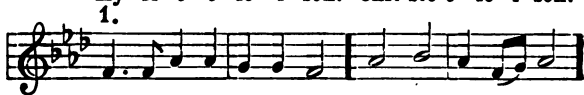
208.

Litany of the Blessed
Virgin Mary

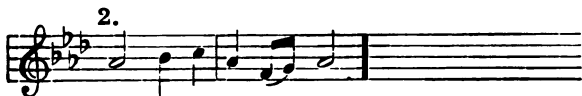
Roman Hymnal.



Ky-ri-e e-le-i-son. Chri-ste e-le-i-son.



Ky-ri-e e-le-i-son. Chri-ste au-di nos.



Chri - ste ex - au - di nos.



Pater de cæ - lis De - us:
 Fili Redemptor mun - di De - us:
 Spiritus san - cte De - us:
 Sancta Trinitas u - nus De - us:



Mi - se - re - re no - bis.



San - cta Ma - ri - a: O - ra pro no - bis.
 Sancta - De - i Geni - trix:
 Sancta - Vir - go Virgi - num:
 Ma - ter Chri - sti:
 Mater di - vi - næ grati - æ:
 Ma - ter pu - rissi - ma:
 Ma - ter ca - stissi - ma:
 Mater in - vi - o - la - ta:
 Mater in - te - me - ra - ta:



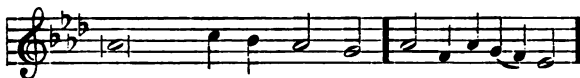
Ma - ter a - mabi - lis: O - ra pro no - bis.
 Mater ad - mi - rabi - lis:
 Mater bo - ni con - sili - i:
 Mater Cre - a - to - ris:
 Mater Sal - va - to - ris:
 Virgo pru - den - tissi - ma:
 Virgo ve - ne - ran - da:
 Virgo præ - di - can - da:



Vir - go po - tens: O - ra pro no - bis.
 Vir - go cle - mens:
 Vir - go fi - de - lis:
 Specu - lum ju - sti - tiæ:
 Sedes sa - pi - en - tiæ:
 Causa no - stræ læ - ti - tiæ:
 Vas spi - ri - tu - a - le:
 Vas ho - no - ra - bile:
 Vas insigne devo - ti - o - nis:



Ro - sa mysti - ca: O - ra pro nobis.
 Tur - ris Da - vidi - ca:
 Tur - ris e - burne - a:
 Do - mus aure - a:
 Fœde - ris ar - ca:
 Ja - nu - a cœ - li:



Stella ma-tu - ti - na: O - ra pro no-bis.
 Salus in - fir - mo - rum:
 Refugium pec-ca - to - rum:
 Consolatrix af - fli - cto - rum:
 Auxilium Christia-no - rum:



Regina An-ge - lo - rum: O - ra pro nobis.
 Regina Pa-triarcharum:
 Regina Prophe-ta - rum:
 Regina A - po-sto - lo - rum:
 Re - gi-na Mar-tyrum:
 Regina Con-fes - so - rum:
 Re - gi-na Vir-ginum:
 Regina San - cto-rum o-mnium:
 Regina sine
 labe origi - na-li con-ce-pta:
 Regina sacratissi-mi Ro-sa - rii:
 Re - gi - na Pa - cis:



A-gnus De - i, qui tol - lis pec-ca - ta mun - di:



{ Par - ce no - bis, Do - mi - ne.
 { Ex - au - di nos, Do - mi - ne.
 { Mi - se - re - re no - bis.

ST. JOSEPH

209. Dear Guardian of Mary



1. Dear Guar - dian of Ma - ry, dear



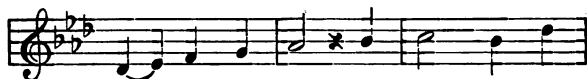
Nurse of her Child! Life's ways are full



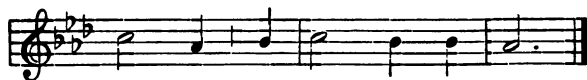
wea - ry, the des - ert is . wild;



Bleak sands are all round me, no



home can I see; Sweet Spouse of our



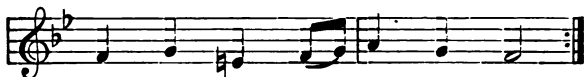
La - dy! I lean up - on Thee.

2. O keep me for ever, my Father and Guide,
With Jesus and Mary secure at Thy side;
Though dangers surround me, full safe shall I be,
Sweet Spouse of our Lady, if thou art with me.
3. O blessed Saint Joseph ! So great was thy worth,
That God deigned to call thee His Father on earth!
In all that befalls me, I pray thee to be,
Sweet Spouse of Our Lady, a father to me.

210. Great Saint Joseph, Son of David



1. {Great Saint Jo-seph, Son of Da - vid,
Spouse of Ma - ry, ev - er Vir - gin,



Faith - ful Nurse of Christ our Lord; }
Keep - ing o'er them watch and ward. }



Nev - er tir - ing thou didst guard them



With a fa - ther's lov - ing care;



Thou by God's com - mand didst save them



From the cru - el Her - od's snare.

2. Three long days in grief and anguish,
 With His Mother undefiled,
 Through Judæa didst thou wander,
 Seeking thy beloved Child.
 In the temple thou didst find Him:
 Oh, what joy then filled thy heart!
 In thy sorrows, in thy gladness,
 May we, Joseph, have some part.

3. Clasped in Jesus' arms and Mary's,
 When death gently came at last,
 Thy pure spirit sweetly sighing
 From its earthly dwelling passed.
 Dear Saint Joseph! by that passing,
 May our death be like to thine;
 May we all with thee and Mary
 See in heav'n thy Son divine.

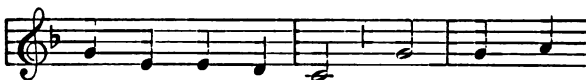
211.

Hail! Holy Joseph

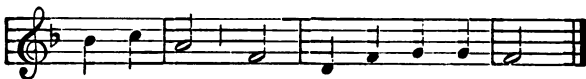
Roman Hymnal.



1. Hail! ho - ly Jo - seph, hail! Chaste



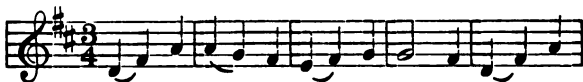
sponse of Ma - ry, hail! Pure as the



li - ly flow'r In E-den's peaceful vale.

2. Hail! holy Joseph, hail!
Father of Christ esteemed:
Father be thou to those
Thy Foster-Son redeemed.
3. Hail! holy Joseph, hail!
Prince of the House of God:
May His best graces be
Through thy sweet hands bestowed.
4. Hail! holy Joseph, hail!
Help of the needy, hail!
Cheer thou the hearts that faint,
Guide thou the steps that fail.
5. Hail! holy Joseph, hail!
Thy soul God's favor won:
To thee the Word made flesh
Was subject as a son.
6. Hail! holy Joseph, hail!
Teach us our flesh to tame:
And with the love of God
Our tepid hearts inflame.

212. Salve pater Salvatoris



1. { Sal - ve pa - ter Sal - va - to - ris, Sal - ve
 { Sal - ve spon - se Ma - tris De - i, Sal - ve



cu - stos Re - dem-pto-ris: Jo - seph ter a -
 ho - spes Je - su me - i: Jo - seph ter mi -



ma - bi - lis, Jo - seph ter a - ma - bi - lis!
 ra - bi - lis, Jo - seph ter mi - ra - bi - lis!

2. Cum Maria conversari,
 Atque Jesum amplexari:
 ||: O quantæ deliciæ!:||
 Illum brachiis tenere,
 Atque totum possidere:
 ||: O quantæ divitiæ!:||
3. O quam sancta, quam devota
 Fuit tua vita tota,
 ||: O quam lætus exitus!:||
 Inter Jesu et Mariæ
 Manus emori tam pie:
 ||: O quam felix obitus!:||

4. O Josephe, mi patrone,
 Inter tuos me repone,
 ||: Me clientem suscipe: ||
 Volo semper te amare,
 Semper volo te laudare,
 ||: Tu me semper protege: ||

SAINTS

(CONFESSORS)

213.

Iste Confessor

Plain Chant.



I - ste Con-fes-sor Do-mi-ni co-len-tes,



Quem pi-e lau-dant po-pu-li per or-bem,



Hac di-e læ - tus me-ru-it be-a - tas
 [or: su-pre-mos]



Scan - de - re se - des. A - men.
 Lau - dis ho - no - res.]

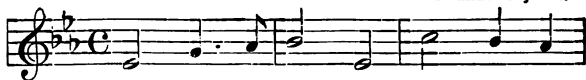
2. Qui pius, prudens, humilis, pudicus,
Sobriam duxit sine labe vitam,
Donec humanos animavit auræ
Spiritus artus.
3. Cujus ob præstans meritum frequenter,
Ægra quæ passim jacuere membra,
Viribus morbi domitis, saluti
Restituuntur.
4. Noster hinc illi chorus obsequentem
Concinit laudem celebresque palmas,
Ut piis ejus precibus juvemur
Omne per ævum.
5. Sit salus illi, decus, atque virtus,
Qui super cæli solio coruscans,
Totius mundi seriem gubernat
Trinus et unus.
Amen.

(ST. PATRICK)

214.

Father of all those Far-
scattered Sheep of Christ

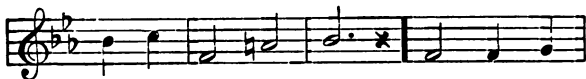
Arundel Hymns.



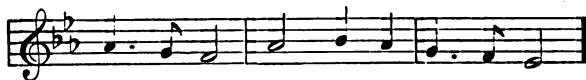
1. Fa - ther of all those far - scat-tered



sheep of Christ, Where - in sad E - rin



hath the mo - ther's claim, Lo, four-teen



cen - tur - ies And shores of all the seas



Mu - sic make to God in thy glo - rious name.

2. Love for the souls of Erin's benighted sons
 Broke thy great heart and killed thy cloistered
 peace,
 Till ev'ry sobbing gale
 Sounded like Ireland's wail,
 Pleading with the night for the day's release.
3. Fresh from the field where foes of th' Incarnate Son
 Sank, ne'er to rise, beneath the word of Rome;
 Thou, binding fast to thee
 Christ and the Trinity,
 Camest, white-haired man, o'er the white sea-foam.
4. Oh, by thy last sublime and prevailing prayer,
 Poured where thy hills confront a tameless sea,
 May we in ev'ry clime
 And through each faithless time
 Show thy might with God and His might in thee.

(Rev. J. O'Connor.)

215.

**When Great Saint Patrick
Raised the Cross**

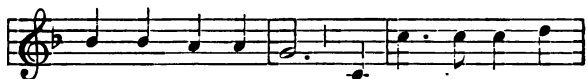
1. When great Saint Pa-trick raised the Cross



Where pa - gan wor - ship long held sway,



And bade the peo - ple lift their eyes From



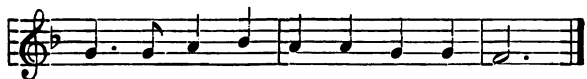
dark-ness un - to day: The light of Faith on



E - rin's hills Then dawned in splen - dor



bright and clear, And all her ver - dant



val - leys felt The Lord's own pre-sence near.

2. Then o'er the land from end to end
 The peace of God like manna fell,
 And from His sacred temples called
 To prayer the pealing bell;
 And lo! His blessed altars stood
 Where once had flared the Druid fires,
 While up to heaven's vault arose
 A thousand cross-crowned spires.

3. All praise to God Whose goodness gave
 The saving truths Saint Patrick taught;
 And praise to Him for all the deeds
 That dear Saint Patrick wrought;
 All thanks for Faith's bright beacon set
 To guide us pilgrims homeward bound,
 And lead us to that host in bliss:
 Saint Patrick's children crowned.

(ST. IGNATIUS LOYOLA)

216.

Dauntless Ignatius

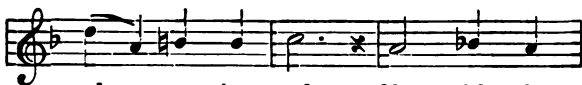
J. G. H.



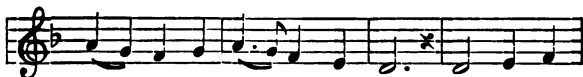
1. Daunt-less Ig - na - tius, whose war - ri - or



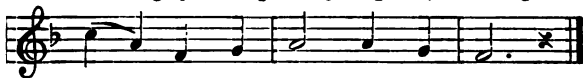
soul, Ear - ly am - bi - tious, made



glo - ry its goal, Oh, with what



cour - age you conquered your pride, Set - ting the



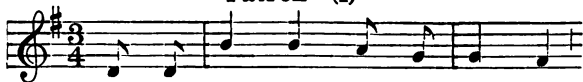
world's emp - ty hon - ors a - side !

2. Leaving the warfare of princes, you laid
Proudly your sword at the feet of the Maid.
Mary accepted your chivalrous sign:
You would fight only in warfare divine.
3. Soon to your side in the Army of God
Rallied companions, and forward you trod,
Glad in the sorrows of Jesus to share,
Proud of the cross which His followers bear.
4. Tender as Christ to the wayward and weak,
Stern when 'twas needful in anger to speak,
Like a true soldier, as gentle as brave,
This was your conquest: to strengthen and save.
5. Knight of Our Lady, courageous and true,
Lead us in battle, we'll march under you;
Noble Ignatius, your comrades, we'll go
Fearlessly forward to conquer the foe.

(Rev. F. C. Devas, S. J.)

(ST. FRANCIS XAVIER)

217. Francis Xavier, Sainted Patron (I)



1. { Fran - cis Xa - vier, saint - ed pa - tron,
Though un - wor - thy of thy fa - vor,



We thy cli - ents here to - day, }
Still as trust - ful chil - dren pray. }



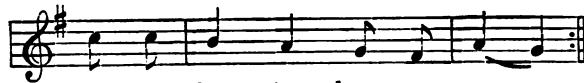
Thou art lof - ty, we but low - ly,



Yet we seek thy watch - ful care;



Not too high art thou to see us,



Not too far to hear our prayer.

2. Here on earth thy zeal was boundless,
Great thy labor, scant thy rest;
Great must be thy zeal in heaven,
Great thy favor with the blest.
Holy patron, deign to shield us,
Haste to those who seek thine aid;
||: Bring us comfort when we need it,
Give us courage when dismayed. :||

3. Though surrounded by the thousands
 Whom thy zeal to heaven gave,
 Bear in mind that there are millions
 Still on earth with souls to save;
 Though arrayed in matchless splendor,
 Crowned with glory, robed in light,
 ||: Pity those who sit in darkness,
 Save their souls from dawnless night. :||

4. Aid thy brethren in their labors,
 Prosper all their works of zeal;
 Foil their foes in all their cunning,
 Make their stoutest legions reel.
 Help them fight the prince of darkness,
 Breaking forth from his abyss;
 ||: Rescue all his helpless victims,
 Lead them home to endless bliss. :||

218.

Francis Xavier, Sainted
 Patron (II)



1. Fran - cis Xa - vier, saint - ed pa - tron,



We thy cli - ents here to - day,



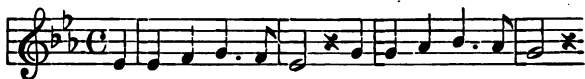
Though un - wor - thy of thy fa - vor,

keep our souls from sin; Teach us the
 first fair fruits of life Be - fore God's
 feet to lay, To nerve our-selves for
 af - ter-strife, To la - bor and to pray.

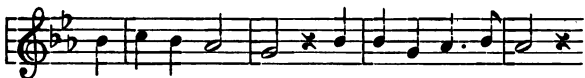
2. As thou didst bear in mortal clay
 A soul as angel's white,
 Unspotted in the lightning ray
 Of God's all-holy sight:
 Our wayward hearts, to folly prone,
 Preserve for ever pure,
 And lead us to the judgment-throne,
 In sinlessness secure.
3. The purple flow'rs of penance twine
 Amid thy lilies' snow,
 And tears of deep remorse were thine
 For sins thou didst not know;
 Though greater far be our offence,
 Thou biddest us to be
 By worthy fruits of penitence,
 Sweet Saint, still like to thee.

4. Thou in the dust didst trample down
 The splendors of the earth,
 Intent upon a nobler crown
 Of everlasting worth;
 The world's vain joys may we contemn,
 By thy example wise,
 Nor barter in exchange for them
 Our birthright in the skies.

220. Salveto centles



1. Sal-ve-to cen-ti-es, Sal-ve-to mil-li-es,



Flos pa-ra-di - si! Con-fir-ma de-bi-les,



Nos ti-bi sup-ply-ces, O A-lo-y - si!

2. Salveto lilium
 Candens convallium,
 Flos paradisi!
 Tu cæli gaudium,
 Terræ delictum,
 O Aloysi!

3. Tu princeps virginum
 Et honor juvenum,
 Flos paradisi!
 Candorem virgini,
 Pudorem juveni,
 Da Aloysi!

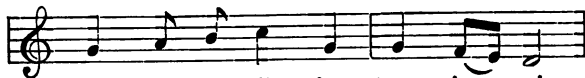
4. Fac Aloysios
 Culparum nescios,
 Flos paradisi!
 Fac simus angeli,
 Tibi simillimi,
 O Aloysi!

(ST. STANISLAUS KOSTKA)

221. Saint of our Youth



1. Saint of our youth, thy heart to gain,



Earthspread her glitter-ing toys in vain;



Thy spir - it turned from fad - ing things



To seek and serve the King of Kings.



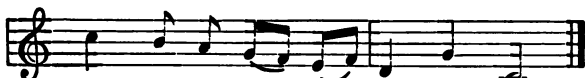
Guide us from thy bright throne a - bove



On - ward in faith and hope and love;



That we may tread as thou hast trod



Brave - ly the nar - row way of God.

2. No dull delays thy fervor knew,
Quickly thy busy moments flew;
E'en in thy dawn of life appears
The wisdom of declining years.
Guide us, etc.
3. Made perfect thus in little space,
Soon thou wast called to God's embrace,
Ere yet the mists of earth could throw
A shadow on thy robe of snow.
Guide us, etc.
4. Teach us to find in faithful prayer
Like thee our only treasure there
Where deeply hid from human eyes
The Sacred Heart of Jesus lies.
Guide us, etc.

5. Teach us our passions to control,
 Raise up to higher things our soul;
 That, when deluding phantoms rise,
 We close our ears and guard our eyes.
 Guide us, etc.

222.

O juvenis angelice

Roman Hymnal.



1. O ju - ve-nis an - ge - li - ce, O



san-cte Sta-nis - la - e! Tu - os cli-en - tes



re-spi - ce, O san-cte Sta-nis - la - e!



Per ju - ven - tu - tis sta - di - um, Fac



nos se - qui te præ - vi - um, O Kost - ka,



au - di nos, Fra-tres et æ - mu - los!

2. Tu castitatis liliū, O sancte Stanislāē,
Tu puritatis speculum, O sancte Stanislāē !
A sordibus absterre nos,
Auditum, os, cor, oculos;
O Kostka, audi nos,
Fratres et æmulos !
3. Cibus cælestis intime, O sancte Stanislāē,
Firmavit et formavit te, O sancte Stanislāē !
Hac esca nos fac stabiles,
Hoc fonte tui similes;
O Kostka, audi nos,
Fratres et æmulos !
4. Adhærens Matri Virgini, O sancte Stanislāē,
Calcasti vim diaboli, O sancte Stanislāē !
Ejusdem Matris filios
Fac nos tutelæ conscios;
O Kostka, audi nos,
Fratres et æmulos !
5. Patrone dulcis juvenum, O sancte Stanislāē,
De cælo fer auxilium, O sancte Stanislāē !
Fraterno tecum vinculo
Nos jungas et consortio;
O Kostka, audi nos,
Fratres et æmulos !

(ST. JOHN BERCHEMANN'S)

223. With Loving Hearts Exulting

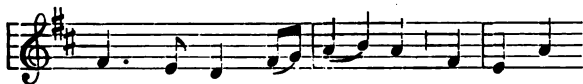
J. G. H.



1. With lov - ing hearts ex - ult - ing,



We sing a joy - ous lay To



greet our youth - ful pa - tron On this his



fes - tal day. Great deeds of fame and



won - der Are not this saint's re-nown; The



low - ly path of du - ty Led him to



his bright crown, The low - ly path of



du - ty Led him to his bright crown.

2. The rosary was his baldric,
 The crucifix his sword;
 While from Loyola's rule-book
 He learned to serve his Lord.
 Great Berchmanns, lowly hero,
 Thy help we all implore,
 ¶: Like thee to battle bravely
 And triumph evermore.: ¶
3. May we this noble lesson
 From thy example learn:
 That duty be the watch-word,
 With which our spirits burn.
 With Jesus for our master,
 And Mary for our queen,
 ¶: May we, through duty's knighthood,
 Like thee win joys unseen.: ¶

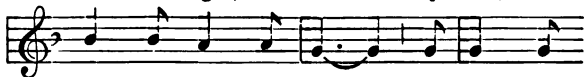
GUARDIAN ANGELS

224. Dear Angel, ever at my side

Rev. H. G. GANSS.



1. Dear An - gel, ev - er at my side, How



lov - ing must thou be To leave thy



home in heav'n to guard A sin - ful



child like me; For thou wert with me
 from the hour When first I drew my
 breath, And thou shalt be my faith - ful
 friend, Un - fail - ing, till my death.

2. Dear Angel, let my every thought,
 From morn till close of day,
 My every action, every word,
 My love of God display;
 That thus, celestial friend, with thee
 And by thy constant care,
 I may the world's corruption flee,
 That would my soul ensnare.
3. Dear Angel, in temptation's hour,
 Oh, whisper in my ear:
 "Be brave, nor fear the tempter's power,
 Thy guardian standeth near."
 And if my wayward feet should stray
 Along the paths of sin,
 Forsake me not, but strive and pray
 My wandering soul to win.

4. Dear Angel, to repay thy care,
 More holy will I be;
 But I am weak, and when I fall,
 Oh, weary not of me:
 Oh, weary not, but guard me still
 And make me mind thee more;
 And guide me safely, till I come
 To heaven's eternal shore.

225. Ye Guardian Angels



1. Ye Guar - di - an An - gels, who
 2. The li - ly of in - no - cence



1. have not for - sak - en The chil - dren of
 2. help us to cher - ish, A - vert - ing what -



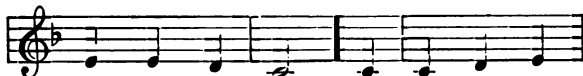
1. A - dam, though fal - len from bliss: Oh,
 2. ev - er its pe - tals may stain; And



1. still watch a - round us, our spir - its a -
 2. oh! if 'tis soiled and in dan - ger to



1. wak - en To thoughts of a world that is
 2. per - ish, Re - store it, ye an - gels, to



1. bright - er than this. } Oh, be ev - er
 2. beau - ty a - gain. }



near us, To help and to cheer us, Ye



God-giv - en guides to the man-sions of bliss.

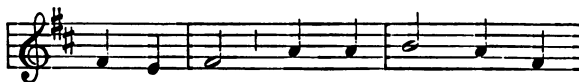
FAITHFUL DEPARTED

226. Ye Souls of the Faithful

J. GROISS.



1. Ye souls of the faith - ful Who sleep



in the Lord, But as yet are shut



2. O Father of mercies!
 Thine anger withhold,
 And these children of Thine
 In Thy mercy enfold!
 Though oft from Thy path
 They have wandered aside,
 Yet in favor with Thee,
 In Thy friendship they died.

3. O tender Redeemer,
 Their misery see,
 And deliver the souls
 That were ransomed by Thee!
 Behold how they love Thee
 And long for Thy sight;
 Come and lead them to rest
 In Thy peace and Thy light.

4. All ye who would honor
 The Saints and their Head,
 In compassion remember
 To pray for the dead;
 And they, in return,
 From their misery freed,
 Unto you will be friends
 In the hour of your need.

GENERAL

(BLESSED TRINITY)

227. Almighty Lord, Thy praise we sing



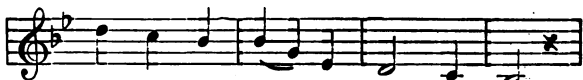
1. Al-migh-ty Lord, Thy praise we sing;
 2. Thee, Son E - ter - nal, Christ, we bless,



1. Thee we con - fess our God and King;
 2. Thee King of Glo - ry we con - fess;



1. The whole wide world doth wor - ship Thee,
 2. Thou to de - liv - er man from doom,



1. Fa - ther from all e - ter - ni - ty;
2. Didst not ab - hor the Vir - gin's womb;



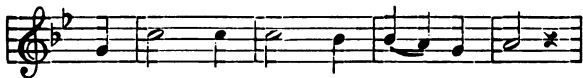
1. An - gel - ic hosts praise Thee on high,
2. The sting of death by Thee o'er - come,



1. With all the powers of earth and sky:
2. Re - o - pened heaven to Chris - ten - dom;



1. To Thee, with nev - er - end - ing lay,
2. Thou sit - test in the heavenly land,

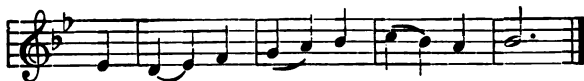


1. The Cher - ubs and the Ser - aphs say:
2. At God the Fa - ther's own right hand.



1. "Ho - ly, all - ho - ly is the Lord,
2. Ho - ly, all - ho - ly art Thou, Lord,

GENERAL
(Blessed Trinity)



1. Our God for ev - er - more a - dored !"
2. Our God for ev - er - more a - dored !

3. Eternal praise, with heaven's host,
Give we to God the Holy Ghost,
Who works unseen as Lord of Grace,
Making our souls His dwelling-place;
Who with the Father and the Son
Is equal God and truly one;
The Spirit Who from Both proceeds,
Who quickens holy thoughts and deeds.
Holy, all-holy is the Lord,
Our God for evermore adored !

228. Hail, King of Kings

C. RACKE, S. J.



1. Hail, King of Kings, Al - migh - ty Lord,



We wor - ship and a - dore Thee;



Though all Thy foes with fu - ry rage,



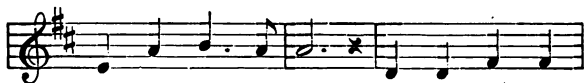
2. Eternal Father, Lord of all,
The world allegiance pays Thee;
Both high and low must heed Thy voice,
The universe obeys Thee;
Thy holy will all must fulfill:
O God of might, we praise Thee.
3. Of Thee, O Jesus, too, we sing,
In Whom God's splendor shineth;
No crafty foe can shake Thy throne,
Thy might his power confineth;
At Thy command are sea and land;
O Son of God, we hail Thee!
4. Hail, Holy Ghost, we greet Thy name!
From Thee true wisdom floweth;
Thy grace upon our souls in love
Its seven gifts bestoweth;
O God of grace, our guilt efface,
Through Thee all virtue groweth.

229.**Holy, Holy, Holy !
Lord God Almighty !**

1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly ! Lord God Al -



migh - ty ! Bowed in a - do - ra - tion, we



lift our hearts to Thee. Ho - ly, Ho - ly,



Ho - ly ! Lord God Al - migh - ty !



One in three Per - sons, Blessed Tri - ni - ty !

2. Holy, Holy, Holy ! Angel hosts adore Thee,
 Veil their gaze in deepest awe before Thy ma-
 jesty ;
 All the Saints in glory lay their crowns before
 Thee,
 One in three Persons, Blessed Trinity !

3. Holy, Holy, Holy! Though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of mortal man Thy glory may
not see;
Thou art God most holy, none there is beside Thee,
One in three Persons, Blessed Trinity!

230. Holy God, we Praise Thy Name



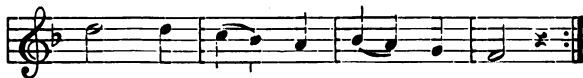
1. { Ho - ly God, we praise Thy Name,
All on earth Thy rule ac - claim,



- Lord of all, we bow be - fore Thee; }
All in heaven a - bove a - dore Thee; }



- In - fin - ite is Thy do - main,



- Ev - er - last - ing is Thy reign.

2. Hear the loud celestial hymn
Angel choirs above are raising;
Cherubim and Seraphim,
In unceasing chorus praising,
Sing to Thee in sweet accord:
"Holy, holy, holy Lord!"

3. Holy Father, Holy Son,
 Holy Spirit, three we name Thee;
 Though in essence only one,
 Undivided God we claim Thee;
 And adoring bend the knee,
 While we own the mystery.

231. Come and See how Every Thing



1. {Come and see how ev' - ry thing
 {Each a read - y tri - bute pays,



Mag - ni - fies our boun - teous King;}
 Does its part and glad o - beys.}



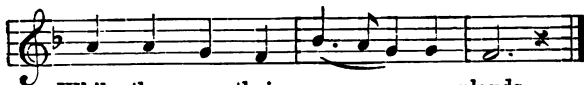
Na - ture's birds, its sweet - est choir,



God with cheer - ful notes ad - mire,



Chant - ing ev' - ry day their lands,



While the grove their song ap - plauds.

2. Though their voices lowlier be,
Streams have too their melody:
Day and night they purling run,
Never pause, but still go on.
All the flowers that grace the spring
Unto God their homage bring;
If He sends a warming ray,
Sweet they scent and bloom more gay.

3. Should we not in Nature's chord,
Join our note to praise the Lord,
We on whom His bounty flows,
Which gives all, and nothing owes?
Wake for shame, my slothful heart,
Wake, and gladly do thy part;
Learn of birds and streams and flowers
How to use thy noble powers.

232. Let ev'ry Creature God has made



1. { Let ev' - ry crea-ture God has made Give
{ To Him be thank-ful tri-bute paid Of



glo - ry to His Name! } To God the
praise and glad ac - claim: }

Fa - ther, God the Son, And God the
Spir - it, with Them One, All praise and
glo - ry be For all e - ter - ni - ty!

2. O sing His praise, ye heav'nly choirs
Who stand around His throne;
Repeat on your immortal lyres
His praise, and His alone:
To God the Father, etc.
3. Thou glorious sun, His image bright,
Who rul'st the years and days;
Thou silvery moon, fair queen of night,
Sing your Creator's praise!
To God the Father, etc.
4. Praise Him, ye stars, whose trembling lights
Like pearls adorn the sky;
Your silent course each heart invites
To praise the Lord on high:
To God the Father, etc.
5. And join our song, thou feathered throng,
Whose warbling notes arise;
Let woods and hills repeat your song,
Winds waft it through the skies:
To God the Father, etc.

6. O thou, for whom this wondrous frame,
All creatures were designed:
O man! adore and praise His Name,
His beauties all combined.
To God the Father, etc.

233. Sing Praise to God



1. Sing praise to God Who reigns a - bove,



The God of all cre - a - tion,



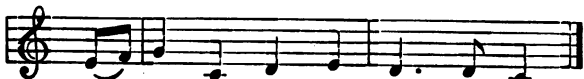
The God of pow'r, the God of love,



The God of our sal - va - tion:



With heal - ing balm our souls He fills,



And ev' - ry faith - less mur - mur stills.

2. The angel host, O King of Kings,
 Thy praise for ever telling,
 In earth and sky all living things,
 Beneath Thy shadow dwelling,
 Adore the wisdom which could span,
 The pow'r which formed creation's plan.
3. What God's almighty pow'r hath made,
 His gracious mercy keepeth;
 By morning-glow or evening shade
 His watchful eye ne'er sleepeth;
 Within the kingdom of His might,
 Lo, all is just, and all is right.
4. The Lord is never far away,
 But, through all grief distressing,
 An ever-present help and stay,
 Our peace, and joy, and blessing;
 As with a mother's tender hand,
 He leads His own, His chosen band.

234. On Bended Knee a Guilty Race



1. {On bend - ed knee a guilt - y race
 {Oh, grant us, Lord, Thy sav - ing grace,



Be - fore Thee we ap - pear;} {That
 Our sighs of sor - row hear.} {But



we're un - worth - y, Lord, we own, } {And
let thy mer - cy still beshown, } {For



on us sin - ners pi - ty take, } {For
Thine and our Lord Je - sus' sake, } {



Je - sus' sake, For our Lord Je - sus' sake !

2. Full grievous are our sins, we know,
From duty far we swerved;
But yet, kind Lord, hold back the blow,
Too well by sin deserved.
Forget not all the blood He shed,
Thy Son, our Brother, on Whose Head
Thou once didst lay that guiltiness,
Which now in sorrow we confess,
We now confess,
In sorrow we confess.

235. I love Thee, Lord, for no Reward



1. I love Thee, Lord, for no re - ward,

Not end - less bliss to gain, Nor
 yet since they who love Thee not Must
 bear e - ter - nal pain. What fills my
 heart with love for thee: Is Thy great
 love for me: Thy love which dim - ly
 shows to me What Thou Thy-self must be.

2. My Jesus, Thou upon the Cross
 In love didst me embrace;
 Didst bear for me the nails, the spear,
 Didst suffer deep disgrace;
 And there by cruel torments torn,
 Didst feel unfathomed woe;
 Didst bleed and die,—and all for me,
 Who was through sin Thy foe.

3. How could my heart refuse to love
 A Lord so good, so dear,
 E'en though there were no need to win,
 No pains of hell to fear?
 Full firmly then, as Thou to me,
 In love to Thee I'll cling,
 Because Thou art my Lord and God,
 My Saviour and my King.

**236. I Love Thee, O Thou Lord
 Most High**



1. I love Thee, O Thou Lord most high,



Be-cause Thou first hast lov - ed me;



I seek no oth - er lib - er - ty



But that of be - ing bound to Thee.

2. My memory no thought suggest
 But shall to Thy pure glory tend;
 My understanding find no rest
 Except in Thee its only end.

3. My God I here protest to Thee:
 No other will have I than Thine;
 Whatever Thou hast giv'n to me
 I now again to Thee resign.
4. All mine is Thine, say but the word,
 Whate'er Thou wilt shall be done;
 I know Thy love, all-gracious Lord,
 I know it seeks my good alone.
5. Apart from Thee all things are nought;
 Then grant, O my supremest bliss,
 That I may love Thee as I ought,—
 Thou givest all in giving this!

237. **Thee will I love, Thou
 God of Power**



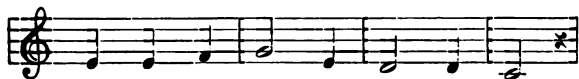
1. Thee will I love, Thou God of pow-er,



Wondrous in all Thy works and ways;



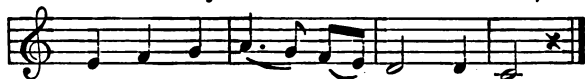
Love Thee Whose gifts in cease - less show-er



Rain down up - on us all our days.



Bind Thou my thank-ful heart to Thee,



Thine, whol-ly Thine, Lord, let me be.

2. Thee will I love, my dearest treasure,
 Thee will I love, my truest friend;
 Love Thee with love that knows no measure,
 Love Thee with love that knows no end.
 Thy love alone can fill my breast,
 In Thee alone my heart can rest.
3. How could I, Lord, so late have known Thee,
 Beauty so ancient, yet so new?
 Now shall my heart at length enthrone Thee,
 Now shall my love be firm and true.
 Thine let me be in life and death,
 Thine when I breathe my dying breath.

238. Take and Receive, O Lord my Liberty

J. LESSMANN, S. J.



{ Take and re-ceive, O Lord, my
 { All things I hold and all I



lib-er-ty, Take all my will, my
 own are Thine, Thine was the gift, to



mind, my mem - o - ry; Do
Thee I all re - sign;



Thou di - rect and gov - ern all, and



sway, Do what Thou wilt, command and



I o - bey; On - ly Thy grace, Thy



love on me be - stow, These make me



rich,— all else will I fore - go.

239. What shall I render?

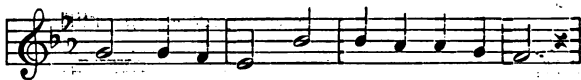
League Hymnal.



1. What shall I ren - der un - to Thee, O Lord,



For all the gifts Thy boun-ty doth ac-cord?



Naught can I of - fer save my love a-lone,—



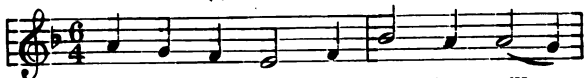
Ah, let it, Lord, my thankless past a - tone.

2. Take what is Thine; for Thou hast given me
Being and life and glorious destiny;
Or bid me live, that I may spend my days,
O dearest Lord, in showing forth Thy praise.
3. Thus, while I live, be Thou my strength and stay,
Help me in all to serve Thee and obey;
Then, when at length I've run my earthly race,
Let me in heaven see Thee face to face.
4. What is my love? or what indeed my heart?
That I should dare to offer Thee a part?
Take it, O Lord, I wholly give to Thee
All that in any way belongs to me.
5. What are my goods? Sheer nothing in Thy sight,
For all belong to Thee, O Lord, by right:
To Thee their use I humbly dedicate,
And unto Thee my service consecrate.

240. Faith of our Fathers

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Rev. H. G. GANSS.



1. Faith of our fa - thers, liv - ing still,



In spite of dun - geon, fire and sword:



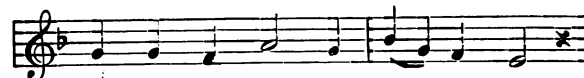
Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy,



When-e'er we hear that glo - rious word;



Faith of our fa - thers, ho - ly faith,



We will be true to thee till death!



Faith of our fa - thers, ho - ly faith,



We will be true to thee till death!

2. Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
 Were still in heart and conscience free:
 How sweet would be their children's fate,
 If they, like them, could die for thee!
 Faith of our fathers, etc.

3. Faith of our fathers! Mary's prayers
 Shall win our country back to thee;
 And through the truth that comes from God
 Our land shall then indeed be free.
 Faith of our fathers, etc.

4. Faith of our fathers! We will love
 Both friend and foe in all our strife;
 Preaching thee too, as love knows how,
 By kindly words and virtuous life.
 Faith of our fathers, etc.

241. Long live the Pope

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Rev. H. G. GANSS.



1. Long live the Pope! His prais-es sound



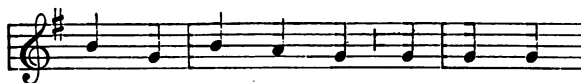
A - gain and yet a - gain: His



rule is o - ver space and time, His



throne the hearts of men: All hail! the



Shep - herd-King of Rome, The theme of



lov - ing song: Let all the earth his



glo - ry sing, And heav'n the strain pro -



long, Let all the earth his



glo - ry sing, And heav'n the strain pro - long.

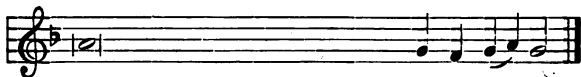
2. Beleaguered by the foes of earth,
 Beset by hosts of hell,
 He guards the loyal flock of Christ,
 A watchful sentinel:
 And yet amid the din and strife,
 The clash of mace and sword,
 ||: He bears alone his shepherd-staff,
 This champion of the Lord. :||
3. His signet is the Fisherman's,
 No sceptre does he bear:
 In meek and lowly majesty
 He rules from Peter's Chair:
 And yet from ev'ry tribe and tongue,
 From ev'ry clime and zone,
 ||: Three hundred million voices sing
 The glory of his throne. :||
4. Then raise the chant with heart and voice,
 In church and school and home:
 "Long live the Shepherd of the Flock!
 Long live the Pope of Rome!"
 Almighty Father, bless his work,
 Protect him in his ways,
 ||: Receive his prayers, fulfill his hopes,
 And grant him length of days. :||

242.

Benedictus



1. Be - ne - dictus Domi-nus De - us Is-ra - el: *



quia visitavit | et fecit redemptionem plebis su - æ.

2. Et erexit cornu salutis nobis: * in domo David pueri sui.
3. Sicut locutus est | per os sanctorum: * qui a sæculo sunt | prophetarum ejus.
4. Salutem ex inimicis nostris: * et de manu omnium | qui oderunt nos.
5. Ad faciendam misericordiam | cum patribus nostris: * et memorari testamenti sui sancti.
6. Jusjurandum | quod juravit ad Abraham patrem nostrum: * daturum se nobis.
7. Ut sine timore | de manu inimicorum nostrorum liberati: * serviamus illi.
8. In sanctitate et justitia cœram ipso: * omnibus diebus nostris.
9. Et tu, puer, | propheta Altissimi vocaberis: * præibis enim ante faciem Domini | parare vias ejus.
10. Ad dandam scientiam salutis plebi ejus: * in remissionem peccatorum eorum.
11. Per viscera misericordi Dei nostri: * in quibus visitavit nos | oriens ex alto.
12. Illuminare his | qui in tenebris | et in umbra mortis sedent: * ad dirigendos pedes nostros | in viam pacis.

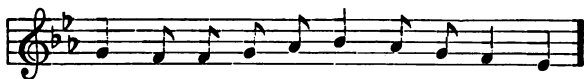
243.

Miserere

I.

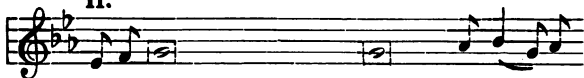


Mi-se-re - re me - i, De - us: secundum



ma-gnam mi - se - ri - cor - di - am tu - am.

II.

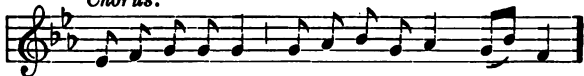


Et secundum multitudinem | misera - ti - o - num



tu - a - rum de - le in - i - qui - ta - tem me - am.

Chorus.

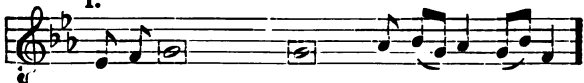


Parce, Do-mi-ne, | parce po-pu-lo tu - o:



quem rede - mi - sti | preti - o - so sanguine tu - o.

I.

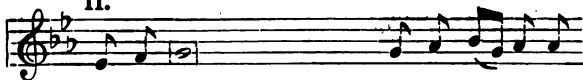


Ampli-us lava me | ab ini - qui - ta - te me - a:

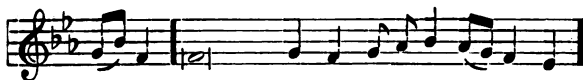


et a pec - ca - to me - o mun-da me.

II.



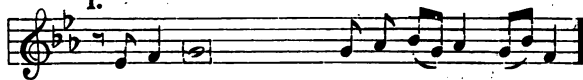
Quo-ni-am iniquitatem me-am e-go co-



gnosco: et peccatum meum contra me est semper.

Parce, Domine, etc. (as before.)

I.



A-ver-te faciem tuam | a pec-ca-tis me-is:



et om-nes in-i-qui-ta-tes me-as de-le.

II.



Cor mun-dum cre-a in me, De-us: et spiritum

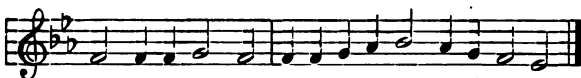


rectum | innova in vis-ce-ri-bus me-is.

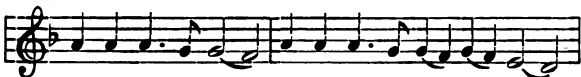
Parce, Domine, etc. (as before.)

244. Parce Domine . . . quem redemisti

Par-ce, Do-mi-ne, par-ce po - pu - lo tu - o,



quem re-de-mi - sti pre-ti-o-so sangui-ne tu - o.

245. Parce Domine . . . ne in æternum

Parce, Do-mi-ne, par-ce po - pu-lo tu - o:



ne in æ-ter-num i-ra-ca - ris no - bis.

246. Te Deum laudamus

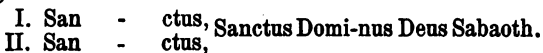
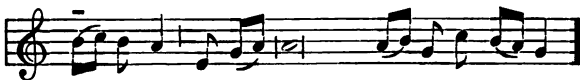
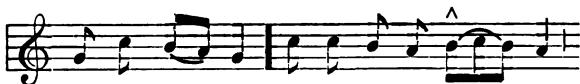
Plain Chant. (Roman form.)

Precentor.—

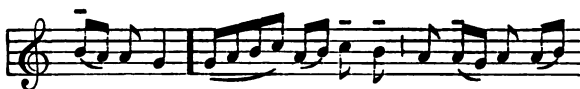
Chorus.



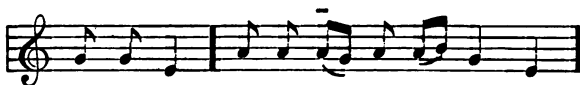
Te De - um lau-da - mus: te Do - mi - num







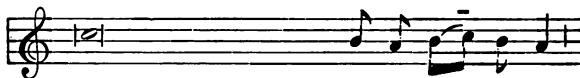
Fi - li - um. San - ctum quo-que Pa-ra- cli - tum



Spi - ri - tum. I. Tu Rex glo - ri - æ, Chri - ste.



II. Tu Pa - tris sem - pi - ter - mus es Fi - li - us.



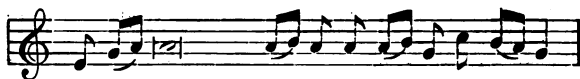
I. Tu ad liberandum susce - ptu-rus ho - mi-nem



non hor - ruisti Vir - gi - nis u - te-rum.



II. Tu, devicto mor - tis a - cu - le - o,



a - pe - ruisti cre-den-tibus | reg-na cæ-lo - rum.

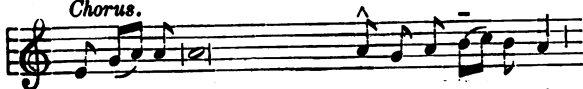


I. Tu ad dexteram De-i se-des in glo-ri-a Pa-tris.



II. Ju - dex cre-de-ris es - se ven-tu - rus.

Chorus.



Te er-go quæsumus, | tuis fa-mu-lis sub-ve-ni,



quos pre-tioso sangui-ne re-de-mi-sti.



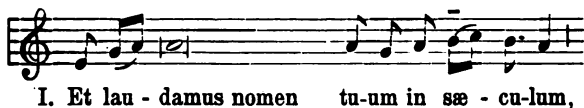
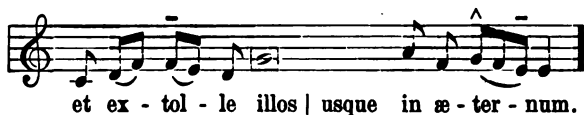
Æ-ter-na fac Cum sanctis tu-is | in gloria



nu-me-ra - ri. Sal - vum fac populum tuum,

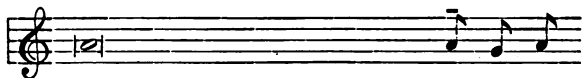


Do-mi-ne, et be-nedic hæ - re - di - ta - ti



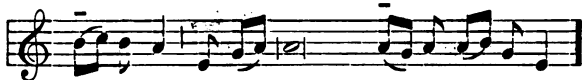


Do - mi - ne mi - se - re - re no - stri. II. Fi - at



miseri - cordia tua,

Do - mi - ne,



su - per nos, quemadmodum spe - ra - vi - mus in te.

Chorus.



In te, Do - mi - ne; spe - ra - vi:



non con - fun - dar in æ - ter - num.

℣. Benedicamus Patrem et Filium cum Sancto Spiritu.

℞. Laudemus et superexaltemus eum in sæcula.

℣. Benedictus es, Domine, in firmamento cæli.

℞. Et laudabilis, et gloriosus, et superexaltatus in sæcula.

℣. Domine, exaudi orationem meam.

℞. Et clamor meus ad te veniat.

℣. Dominus vobiscum.

℞. Et cum spiritu tuo.

Oremus. Deus, cuius misericordiæ non est numerus, et bonitatis infinitus est thesaurus: piissimæ maiestati tuæ pro collatis donis gratias agimus, tuam semper clementiam exorantes; ut qui petentibus postulata concedis, eosdem non deserens, ad præmia futura disponas. Per Christum Dominum nostrum.

℞. Amen.

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